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London
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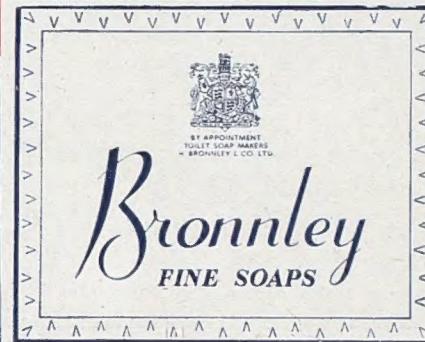
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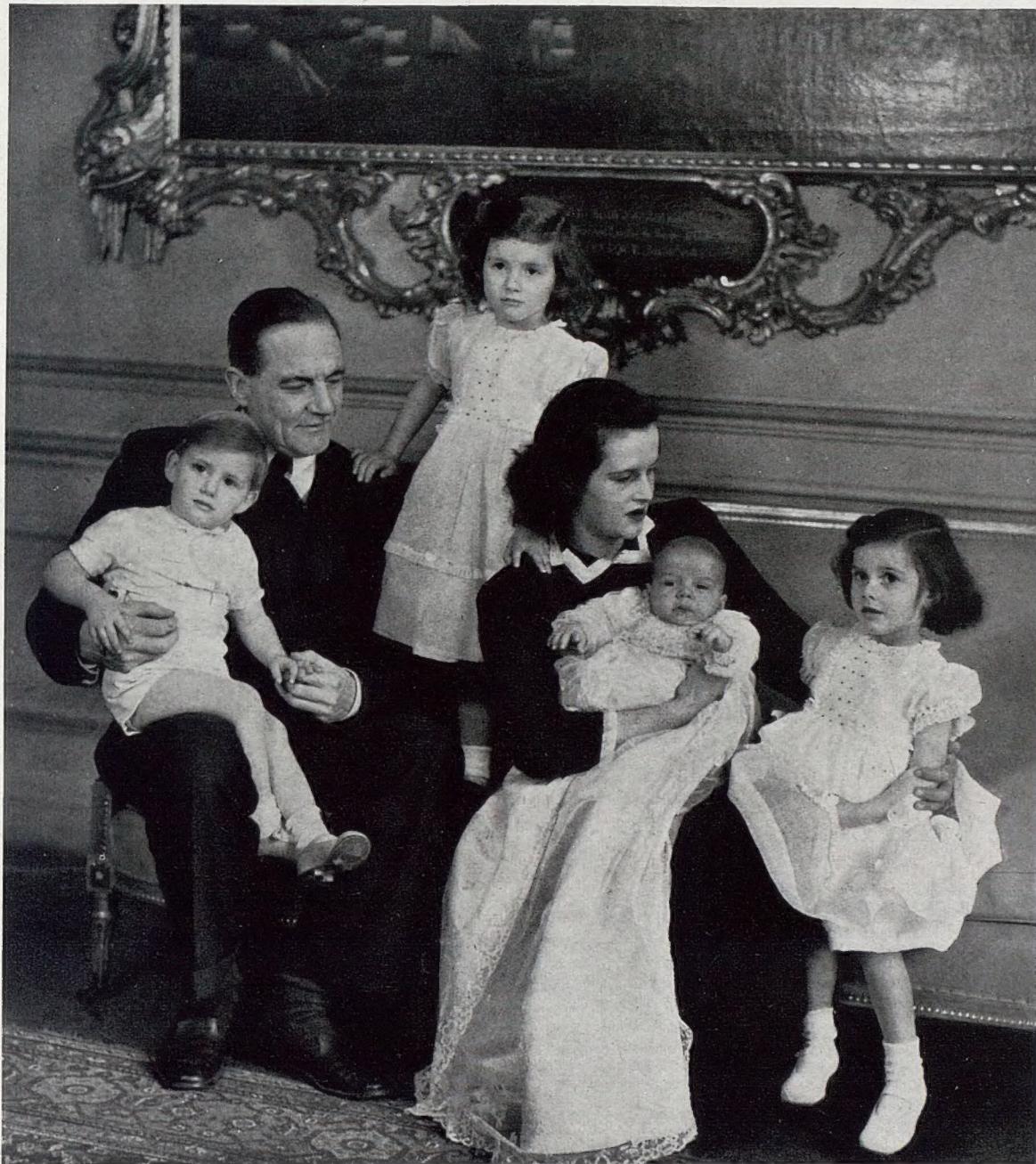
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THE TATLER
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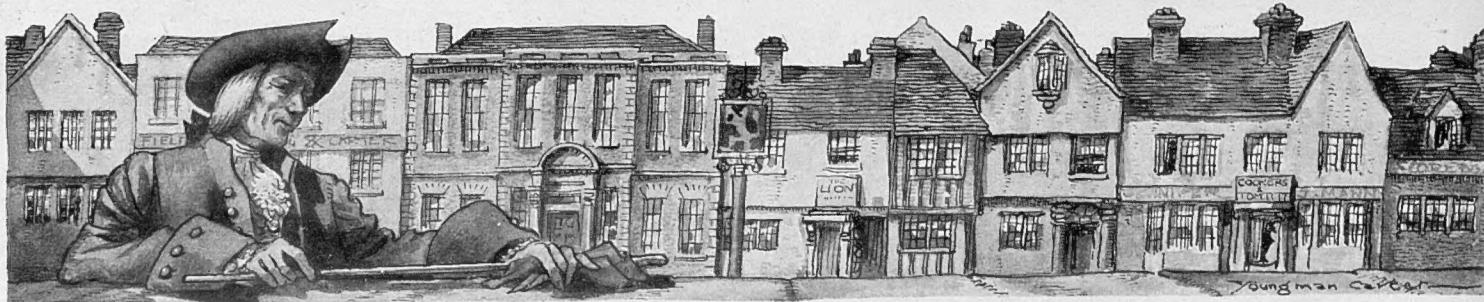
LONDON
 MARCH 31, 1948

Two Shillings
 Vol. CLXXXVII. No. 2458



Eric Ager, Northampton

THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF NORTHAMPTON and their family at Castle Ashby, Northampton. The occasion was the christening of their younger son Lord William James Bingham Compton. The older children are Earl Compton, who is sitting on his father's knee, their eldest daughter Lady Judith Compton, and Lady Elizabeth Compton who was born in 1944. Lord Northampton, who is the sixth marquess, succeeded his father in 1913, and is vice-chairman of the Northamptonshire County Council. Lady Northampton is the daughter of Captain David Rimington-Heaton, D.S.O., of Brookfield, Crownhill, South Devon



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

DAFFODILS in the evening sunlight, the scent of flowers, bronzed faces grimed with honest toil, mimosa and early lilac, a few battered turnips and cabbages and white-ties and tails—such were some of the harbingers of spring in London in the old days when there was a Season to open, and the opening was marked, as like as not, with Wagner back at Covent Garden.

True that the procession to those late afternoon First Acts at the Garden used often to provoke from the bronzed faces some bronzed remarks; but the Garden vegetable porters have long been renowned for their honest if simple wit.

They had something to be funny about: I always confessed to feeling, as I walked through the streets in evening dress in sunlight, either that I must be (a) in a dream or (b) attending a French wedding.

And I always had a sense, as the thirties wore on, that I was taking part in a valedictory exercise.

Lo and behold, it is all back again in this otherwise troubled spring!

To sit in the warm red glow of Covent Garden, beneath its sea-green dome, just before the lights encircling the boxes flicker and fade, to read on the programme that the evening is being provided by Messrs. Karl Rankl, Friedrich Schram, August Seider, Hans Hotter and Madame Kirsten Flagstad has a quality of fantasy in days such as these of 1948.

And then Wagner again! That thundering bore of supreme genius, assaulting our emotions until we surrender, enforcing his power with the Teutonic sadism that keeps you fixed to your seat hour after hour—ah me, one doesn't know whether to feel young again or just very, very old.

I went to hear Kirsten Flagstad sing *Isolde*. Hers is a glorious voice, and I imagine that there can hardly have been many in the part since it was written so suited to it and of such rich quality.

Tristan and Isolde is by no means everyone's cup of tea. I like it least of all the Wagner works, with the exception of *Parsifal*.

What surprised me most at Covent Garden was the youth of the audience. *Tristan*, with its frustration and final tragedy, is usually held

to be an opera appealing more to disappointed middle age.

About three-quarters of the men in the stalls were in dinner jackets, but only two in full evening dress, and the new lighting arrangements in the foyer give a flattering softness to the crowd that I have never seen bettered.

One somehow regrets the uniformed commissioners on duty around the theatre, although the bewigged funkeys who hold apart the curtain are back. The old attendants in the front of the house always wore evening dress, and had the air of being respected, family retainers.

They came, in fact, from the Reading Room of the British Museum.

THE man who set the standard of evening dress at Covent Garden in the old days was Colonel Harry Higgins, once of the Life Guards, and later head of the opera house in the days of Caruso and Melba.

He was always superbly turned out, with the type of tall white collar which has to be tailored specially. One might have described

him in modern American slang as a ritzy figure, as I think he was also chairman of the hotel company.

He had had an illness which almost robbed him of his voice, giving it a falsetto that combined oddly with his cynical wit.

One story, among the legion told of Harry Higgins, has gone round the world, variously credited. At lunch at the Beefsteak one day he listened to a long, long story by a club bore until he could stand it no longer. Calling to the waiter by name, and in weary falsetto tones, he said, with a gesture: "Would you please take this story away?"

Richard Wagner's name is not one often connected with London life, but at least four months of his years of political exile—yes, how European history repeats itself!—were spent in a house in Portland Terrace, Regent's Park.

A great deal of the orchestration of *Die Walküre* was written during his stay there in the spring of 1855.

He had come over to conduct some performances of the London Philharmonic Society, owing to a row they had had with their other

conductor (there was always a row somewhere in Wagner's background) and Queen Victoria came to hear him conduct the overture to *Tannhäuser*. By that time, Wagner was having a row with the critic of *The Times*, whom he seems to have ignored or slighted on some occasion.

I took the trouble, in a fit of enthusiasm some years ago, to look up letters written by Wagner during this brief period. Some are illuminating. He thought little, of course, of Covent Garden and wrote of a performance given by "unclean Germans and voiceless Italians."

He went to a pantomime at the Adelphi. He wrote, rather cryptically: "I gained a very good idea of the imaginative fare in which the English people can find amusement."

His summing-up was written in Paris.

"Paris is clothed in summer glory," he reported, "I saw people promenading again instead of pushing their way through the streets."

One line that has been sung this year in a Wagner work at Covent Garden has some topical significance. Hans Sach's great soliloquy in *Die Meistersinger* was written at a time when Europe was full of refugees and political upheaval. It begins: "Mad . . . mad . . . all the world's mad."

Now that the evenings are lengthening perhaps I had better rid myself of that particular ghost of Berkeley Square to which I unwisely referred not long ago. I first heard of it through a friend, who one Sunday during the recent war found himself fog-bound in the heart of Mayfair. It was one of the old "London particulars" and at one time he did not know whether he was going along Hill Street or the parallel Charles Street a hundred yards south.

He discerned what he believed to be the pavement of Berkeley Square, and thought of making for the railings in the centre, forgetting they had been taken down, so again lost himself. The fog had cast its spell of uncanny quiet on London and he said that he felt he might have been wandering about the bottom of the ocean.

Suddenly the quiet was shattered by the most appalling din of broken furniture, banging of window sashes, smash of glass and

Turn to page 388

QUEEN MARY AT THE PREMIÈRE OF "CORRIDOR OF MIRRORS"



H.M. Queen Mary arriving at the Odeon, Leicester Square, with the Duchess of Devonshire, President of the première committee. The performance was in aid of the Victoria League



*The Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson,
sister of Lord Strathcarron*



*The Marquesa de Casa Maury
was also in the audience*



*Mrs. Watkins with Mme. Dimechkie
of the Lebanese Embassy*



*Marie Marchioness of Willing-
don, with Sir Ronald Cross, Bt.*



*Sir Henry French, head of the
Film Producers' Association,
and Lady French*



*Colonel Harold Boyd-Rochfort,
brother of Capt. Cecil Boyd-
Rochfort with Mrs. King*



Edana Romney, who was the principal producer and script writer of "Corridor of Mirrors," and also takes one of the leading parts, with her co-star, Eric Portman

Some Portraits in Print

Continued from page 386

general uproar. But no voices. Whoever was making the noise was doing it with the mouth shut.

"It was somewhere in an upper story," he said, and presently he found himself outside what he believed to be the house, and could just make out its number. As suddenly, the noise stopped, and the deep hush of the fog-bound square was again unbroken.

He assumed that a happy couple were having a slight tiff, and went on his way, thinking no more about it until later in his club that evening.

"What number did you say?" someone asked.

He gave the number.

"That's where the poltergeist was" was the reply, "I didn't think it had been heard of for years."

Now it turns out that this particular house has to its credit a whole series of blood-curdling tales. I prefer to take for my authority the version given by that celebrated Piccadilly *boulevardier* the late Mr. Ralph Nevill, who happened to write about it nearly thirty years ago.

"In Victorian days the house stood empty and neglected for years," he said. "All sorts of stories were told as to the strange things which happened to people who had been inside it.

"The origin of the story seems to have been that many years ago the owner—a connection of mine—was engaged to be married and made all sorts of preparations for the marriage. Everything was ready and the wedding breakfast laid when, on the morning of the wedding, the bride suddenly died.

"So disconsolate was the unfortunate man that he never left the house again, living there with only a servant or two till he died.

"Nor would he have anything touched: the wedding breakfast remained on the table to the day of his death. Neighbours seeing tradesmen occasionally bringing food in, but no one ever going out, began to think it very queer. Later on the house fell into disrepair and when the owner died, the building was left completely empty, and no doubt rats running about among bell wires gave rise to reports of mysterious noises . . . directly the house had been renovated, and once more inhabited, no more was heard of all this. . . ."

I wonder whether the incident of the wedding appeared before or after Dickens's *Great Expectations*, written in 1861? The incident is more than reminiscent of Miss Havisham.

On the incident of the fog, I have no comment to make; no spook, anyway, to me is half as supernatural as television—no spectre capable of creating a worse shudder than I get sometimes from the B.B.C. on my wireless.

Oh, those variety turns!

"I CAN drive a coach and six through any Act of Parliament," said Daniel O'Connell, who might have found himself at home after May 1st. Our friends abroad invite people to bring their cars with them; our Government refuses petrol to drive to the ports.

Some amusing devices may emerge: what of a convoy of fuel-less cars towed by a (perfectly legal) furniture van? Or a Rolls-Royce on top of a farm-cart?

As for the reprehensible dodge of travelling by hired car by twenty-mile stages, we may yet see in 1948 such earlier Georgian recordings as: "We posted down to Dover in spanking style, making the change at the 'Lord Walmer' in record time, and caught the Channel packet for Boulogne. . . ."



Bobby Howe, who took Sonnie Hale's place at a few days' notice in the new revue at the Duke of York's, gives Binnie Hale a kiss of congratulation after their enthusiastic reception on the opening night

FIRST NIGHT OF "FOUR, FIVE, SIX!"



Among those in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ashwin



Denisa Lady Newborough was escorted by Dr. N. Grisogono



Leigh Stafford, producer of the new Jessie Matthews show "Maid to Measure" with Marianne Davis



Sir Kenneth Barnes, Principal of the R.A.D.A., with Mrs. Prudence Dickson and his sister Dame Irene Vanbrugh

Anthony Cookman
with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Four, Five, Six!"

(Duke of York's)

BETWEEN *One, Two, Three!*, a revue so good in parts that it settled into a comfortable run, and *Four, Five, Six!* there is little to choose. That is surprising as well as gratifying, for the goodness of the first edition was largely the affair of Miss Binnie Hale and Mr. Sonnie Hale, and only a week before the second was due a sudden illness put Mr. Hale out of action.

Mr. Bobbie Howes stepped into the breach; and on the first night it really looked as though his share in the partnership had been carefully planned months before.

It is on the partnership of these well matched comedians that the show almost entirely depends. Mr. Bill Fraser and Miss Vida Hope tenant odd corners agreeably enough and on three occasions all concerned combine effectively; but nine-tenths of the fun is in the hands of the principals.

Miss Hale repeats her acidulated sketch of the receptionist in one of the hotels which take a positive, even fiendish pleasure in their own shortcomings, and Mr. Howes comes in

with nicely calculated dilatoriness as the despondent waiter who cheers up wonderfully when some visitor is plainly disconcerted. He has a delightful new scene of a bride heigh-ho-ing sadly over childish mementoes which are ludicrously at odds with any sort of heigh-ho-ing, and another of an old lady who annually has the glasses of all her dear departed friends filled to the brim and expects her butler to respond to each toast. There is nothing half-hearted about the last half dozen toasts which the slipping and sliding Mr. Howes drinks.

BUT Miss Hale, it has been well said, is never so much herself as when she is someone else, and in her burlesques of Mistinguett, Miss Hermione Gingold and Miss Joyce Grenfell, she is indeed all art and no heart. We would not have it different. The act is so exquisite in its malice that sentimental considerations would be quite out of place, and if they come creeping in we can soon drive them out by remembering that at least two of her victims are well able to make ample

repayment in kind. Is there a Satirists' Club, in which all the members appear as other members? If there is such an institution, it is probable that guests are not allowed.

M R. HOWES has two notable moments—as a meek little man happily forgetful of overbearing wife and employer once a week on his rostrum at Marble Arch, turning his leonine rage upon everything and everybody from Stalin to Truman, and as Danny Kaye. Only a comedian at the top of his form dare attempt that one, but Mr. Howes brings it off superbly. Miss Hope has a distinct talent for sulky comedy, and in "Little Stranger" she has written herself a lyric which displays this talent to its best advantage.

The sentimental songs and the graceful dances (with one exception) which are put on to temper the satire are, as usual, only so-so; but the company open and close the revue admirably with well arranged scenes illustrating Mr. Alan Melville's comments on England's failure to hold her own stage.



Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale, heavily disguised as a great many other people, in "Four, Five, Six!" Above, Bobby Howes may be found as an auburn-haired and angelic Danny Kaye, and as himself, and Binnie Hale as a most intimidating receptionist. Below: Binnie, merciless as Mistinguett, as Annie Oklahoma and as Hermione Gingold, with a scattering of other scenes and characters, Vida Hope expressively laconical, Bill Fraser, large and hearty and Anthony Hayes and Marie Sellar agile on their toes

Freda (as Hoffnung sees her) Bruce Lockhart

At The Pictures

Inward Bound

NEVER have I read so much to learn so little about any "ism" as about the current cult of Existentialism. I have yet to be convinced that Jean-Paul Sartre and his disciples have created anything more profound than a literary New Look, in which to clothe the frustration of twentieth-century materialist man.

There is hardly any fundamental difference between *Les Jeux Sont Faits*, at Studio One, of which Sartre is the author, and all the other films, from *Outward Bound* to *A Matter of Life and Death*, which have tried to keep one foot in this world, one in the next, except that Sartre inverts the usual process by bringing the next world down to earth. Unlike many apostles of crank creeds, however, Sartre is indisputably a skilled craftsman if not an artist. With Jean Delannoy to adapt and direct, he has made an accomplished, often attractive film; and has given an extra dimension to the old conflict between personal romance and public life.

I liked the sharp cutting which introduced the parallel lives—or, more accurately, the simultaneous deaths of hero and heroine. I liked enormously that magnificent old French actress, Marguerite Moreno, as the inevitable receptionist of the newly dead. If contemporary film makers must see the next world as a super-bureaucracy, at least Madame Moreno, in two or three brief appearances, with one blink of her tremendous dark eyes, one excusatory shrug—"je ne suis qu'une simple employée"—conjures up the boredom, the infallibility of the entire celestial Civil Service more vividly at her solitary desk than all the elaborate mechanical purgatory of *A Matter of Life and Death*.

Les Jeux Sont Faits relies mercifully little on mechanical marvels or trick photography. Pierre (Marcel Pagliero) and Eve (Micheline Presle) simply get up from their corpses and walk on. In their own familiar world—mythical but very French—they move now among the living and the dead; though seen and heard only by the dead. Meeting only after death, they are allowed to go back to life and given twenty-four hours in which to prove that they really were made for each other.

Dead, their love seemed simple if unsubstantial. On earth, all their worldly circumstances conspire to part them. Her society friends mock to see her with a workman. His comrades in the League for which he has planned an insurrection against the dictator mistrust him now because she is the wife of an official of the hated militia. They will not believe his warning to postpone the rising. When the time comes for Pierre and Eve to prove their love, their confidence is insufficient. He is with his comrades; she believes he has failed her and

shoots herself; he is shot by a spy. Dead for the second time, he tries vainly to assure her: "I did love you." To which her only answer is, "What does it matter—now?" and they wave their hands in friendly, limp farewell.

HERE is no way out for any of Sartre's characters, confining all the universe and heaven and hell within their own puny mortal minds. Even the Rue Laguenesie to which the dead are directed becomes "Impasse Laguenesie." Frustration is as total for these innocent lovers as for the vicious triangle of *Huis Clos* (which was performed here last year); but the film has a softer, gentler manner, almost a light touch. Taken as film fantasy on a familiar formula, without looking for any portentous philosophy, it may be found agreeably entertaining in the best French sentimental-morbid vein.

There are holes of course. There always are in this kind of film. On the whole they are preferable, or at least less tiresome than the pedantry which reduces fantasy to absurdity by pretending to realism and trying to tie up every loose end.

JEAN RENOIR is a different type of French director. I remember the meticulous exquisiteness of his *Partie de Campagne*; the beauty, even after his migration to Hollywood, of *The Southerner*. For a few minutes, the dream sequence at the beginning of *The Woman on the Beach* suggests that he too is setting out to explore the lower depths of the mind. Soon we find out that the dreamer (Robert Ryan) is a very flesh-and-blood young coast guard and the mists real sea mists as well as symbolic. When they clear, we face a triangle melodrama, somewhere between Sartre and Hollywood.

The problems are probed at one or two levels deeper than the usual Hollywood triangle. Two of the characters—the blind artist and his wife, chafing at her own complicated conscience—would do very nicely for Sartre, although they are more directly reminiscent of *The Macomber Affair*, perhaps because Joan Bennett is again the wife.

RENOIR is a director who believes in giving his actors as much scope—or rope—as possible. He is rewarded by three performances much above the average. Charles Bickford does some real acting to create the generous charm of the genuine artistic temperament, as well as its stormy pride and credible cruelty. No other Hollywood actress has Miss Bennett's precise gift for endowing sophisticated viciousness with the intelligence, the uneasy elegance, which make it seem real and make her painfully convincing as the greedy, guilty wife tied only half against her will by her responsibility for his blindness.



Robert Ryan as the more conventional honest victim, who believes at first that the blindness is put on, impressed me more than he had done as the Jew-baiter in *Crossfire*. I still don't know why Hollywood picked on him. He has neither looks nor much personality. He is on the other hand a most expressive actor.

We are never shown Bickford's precious pictures—so we can almost believe in his genius. Miss Bennett can say quite simply, "Go ahead and say it—I'm a tramp. Are you only just finding that out?" Mr. Ryan, having returned to his nice fiancée (Nan Leslie) answers the telephone and turns round to tell her without any ado: "That was Peggy. And I'm going to her." Up to a point this adult picture is as straightforward as that; and until the two men set out to sea in a raging storm for the express purpose of having a fight over the woman it is never dull or stupid. Thereafter it goes into a steady decline; and ends so inconclusively that I turned to my synopsis afterwards to see if it might throw any light. It did not.

So out of the habit of Hollywood hustle have we grown that the opening of *The Big Clock* (Plaza) with all the old hecticness of an American screen newspaper office left me breathless and battered. All Ray Milland's rushing in and out of offices and slamming of telephones at the beck and call of Charles Laughton amounts, however, to more haste than speed before the picture gets into its stride as an ingenious, fairly tidy thriller.

Milland edits the crime magazine of the group and has built up a reputation for beating the police at their own game, which makes him indispensable. The effective central twist in the plot comes when, called back from his long-delayed honeymoon, he sets his own highly organized office intelligence staff on the trail of a murderer and finds them inexorably closing in on himself.

This is a perfectly sound development which deserves a rather more detailed, step-by-step exposition than director John Farrow and screen-play writer Jonathan Latimer have given it. But the excitement does build up and not run down from beginning to end. Mr. Laughton has his moments of course as the megalomaniac publisher, though I find him less funny and less impressive than Sydney Greenstreet as a similar character. Elsa Lanchester gives an amusing if exaggerated caricature of an eccentric picture-hat type of artist whose absurd work we do see.



JOHN HOWARD DAVIES,

who takes the part of the young Oliver in the forthcoming Cineguild production of *Oliver Twist* is only eight years old. Both his father and mother are film script writers and journalists and his family have a long stage history. A great-grandfather was H. W. Wieland, one of the actor-managers who established the Victorian theatre, and his grandfather was Jack Davies, the impresario who put on such shows as *Balalaika* and *New Faces*. He normally goes to Hall School, Hampstead, and when working at Pinewood he was never more than two hours on the set each day, the rest of the time being spent in lessons and exercise. The story of *Oliver Twist* was explained to him by his mother, and he proved to have an astonishing memory for the script of the film, which made director David Lean's work easy. He is a keen filmgoer, preferring "Westerns," and he also likes fishing, cricket and Wolf Cub activities.



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. Mr. George Corea,
Ceylon Government
Representative

the two salaries of 50 rupees, totalling about £9 a month, enabled George Claud Stanley Corea to pay college fees, and board and lodging.

But with the end of the examinations there came a smile over Corea's face, for he was the only student to be highly commended by the examiners; he was first in order of merit, and he had gained over 92 per cent. marks—a record still unbeaten thirty-three years later in the proctors' final.

CYYLON'S most brilliant (and modest) law student is to-day His Excellency the Ceylon Government Representative in Great Britain, who speaks almost inaudibly, but with infectious power and candour, for 6,500,000 inhabitants of the newest Dominion in the British Commonwealth. The tea islanders have had a colourful history since the Sinhalese, descending from the Ganges 2500 years ago, occupied this pearl in the Indian Ocean.

In 1505 the Portuguese made settlements, to be dispossessed by the Dutch 150 years later. In 1796 we annexed the island to Madras. In 1815 the King of Kandy was deposed and banished; his dominions, till then independent of European rule, came under the Crown. The inhabitants include nearly 1,000,000 Tamils, 325,000 Moors, and 35,000 Burghers, Dutch and Portuguese mixed with native strains.

During the war Ceylon was an extremely important link in the chain of communications between Britain and the Far East. Both its usefulness and its vulnerability to Japanese attack were fully recognised, and in spite of many rumours of the approach of enemy warships, the loyalty of the islanders and vigilance of the Navy turned what might have been a weak spot into a strategic asset of high value.

Born at Negombo, near Colombo, Corea is a lineal descendant of Dominicus Corea, who, according to Philalethes, was created a Prince by King Don Juan Dharmapala. His parents moved about, and he went to six schools. He qualified, but was too young to practise, as a proctor in his parents' old home in Chilaw. Here began a triumphant career, in keeping with the college record, built on unostentatious determination to help his fellows.

IN 1931 he became a member of the (Donoughmore) first State Council, and acted as Minister of Home Affairs. In 1936 he was returned unopposed for Chilaw and became Minister of Labour and Commerce until 1946, when he accepted the London post. Remembering his own hardships, he fought to introduce the minimum wage, so that men being paid 10d. a day received at least 1·25 rupees (about 2s.), the women at least 1s. 5d. He industrialised Ceylon, diversified the economy, built up industries for acetic acid, ceramics, coir, glass, quinine, paper, plywood, steel rolling and cottage crafts.

He saw himself for three years President of the Ceylon National Congress. To-day he looks out of his modest, quiet-coloured office towards Nelson's Column. At fifty-four he has not reached the climax of his marathon. Where, indeed, he may ask, is destiny pointing?



H.E. Dr. Pastoriza, the Dominican Minister, and his wife held a reception at their Eaton Square residence to celebrate the anniversary of Dominica's independence. His Excellency is kissing the ring of the Apostolic Delegate, the Archbishop of Cius, while Mme. Pastoriza greets Father Cashman, First Secretary to the Pope's envoy

Dominican Independence Day



Mr. C. Hayden, President of the Royal Bank of Canada, and Dr. Pastoriza



H.E. Mme. Bianchi (Chile) with H.E. Mme. Prebensen (Norway) and Mr. C. Hayden



H.E. the Czechoslovak Ambassador, Dr. Kratochvil, talking to the host at the reception



Dr. Kratochvil with H.E. Dr. L. Leontic, Yugoslavian Ambassador, and the Austrian Minister



H.E. the Portuguese Ambassador, the Duke of Palmella, and Mary Lady Swaythling



Sra. L. Urquijo, Mme. de Boucher and her sister, H.E. Mme. Jimenez O'Farrill (Mexico)



Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd, the bride's father, and Mrs. Geoffrey Akroyd, with Vanessa Marsh, Mrs. Akroyd's daughter



Miss Jill Milne, sister of the bridegroom, and Mr. N. Akroyd, the bride's brother, who were among the many guests

Wedding of Miss Jean Akroyd



The bride and bridegroom, Mr. John D. Milne, son of the late Mr. John Milne, and of Mrs. Milne, of Broad Leys, Windermere, and Miss Jean Akroyd, daughter of Mr. Geoffrey Akroyd, of Chesterfield House, W.L. The wedding was at St. James's, Spanish Place



Two of the guests at the reception at Claridges were Mrs. Hugh Rose and Miss Delmé-Rodcliffe



The Hon. Marigold Fitzalan-Howard, Miss M. T. Leeming and the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard

Priscilla of Paris

Little England

BORDEAUX.—Visitors to France with Biarritz as their goal should make a point of stopping off at Bordeaux. Such a beautiful town in such a beautiful setting. The skyline above the Garonne is something to dream about, and it is enjoyed most perfectly if one can drive along the north bank to the Bec d'Ambres. There one can go no farther, for the Dordogne and Garonne meet at that point and become the Gironde. As one stands on the promontory that juts into the great river, one has the impression that one is gazing straight out to the ocean, for all that it is still some 60 miles away.

This year ways and means have prevented me from visiting the land of my birth, but having come to Bordeaux, I find England here. The Association France-Grande Bretagne, of which Professor Loiseau, who so often lectures in England, is president, does grand work to strengthen the bonds that unite my two countries. The day I arrived I found 150 British boys and girls at the station. They had just arrived from Bristol; and at Easter 150 Bordeaux children will return their visit. Nothing can be more heart-warming than these exchanges, but the children must be prepared to find everything different at the end of their journey and "good in everything."

MR. "TED" KEY, the active young British Vice-Consul at Bordeaux, just back from four years in Rumania, tells me of the immense success of the concerts at which Stanford Robinson, of the B.B.C., conducted and Clifford Curzon played; of the séance of British music, when local talent performed; and the Shakespeare readings by Martita Hunt. Everywhere one sees English papers and hears English spoken. On the excellent eighteen-hole golf course, that fine player Mlle. Darrieux, who in her spare moments designs such lovely jumpers, shares championship honours with Mme. René Samazeuilh and Mme. Frances Blanchard, one of the most popular young hostesses of Bordeaux.

ANOTHER place where I heard English spoken as much as French was at Mme. Francis Blanchard's beautiful flat that overlooks the Grand Theatre. Exquisite old French furniture and divinely comfortable English armchairs. The Grand Theatre, built 1773-1780 by the architect Louis, is the finest theatre in France and was partly copied by Garnier, who built the Grand Opera House.

There are so many famous restaurants in Bordeaux, from the Chapon Fin onwards, that I only name the most amusing—"Palm Beach," visited by Winston Churchill last time he was here, where the *jeunesse dorée* (and otherwise) sup and dance, and "Catherine's," where, in the hidden recess of the great central table, arms were hidden during Occupation so that, for four years, German officers guzzled unaware that they were seated round a small arsenal.

Voilà!

• The circus horse escaped from his trainer and trotted round to a nearby American bar. Putting his head in at the door, he ordered "Double Martini, extra dry!"—"Right-o," said the barman. Vexed at arousing so little excitement the horse inquired, "Aren't you surprised to hear my order?"—"Why, no," answered the barman, "like 'em dry myself."





Their Majesties Visited Marlborough College recently for the Centenary Celebrations, which would have taken place in 1943 but for the war. The Master, Mr. F. M. Heywood; who was appointed in 1939, is seen presenting the Bursar, Capt. G. W. B. Hext, R.N. (retd.), to the King and Queen. Capt. Hext was a midshipman with His Majesty in H.M.S. Collingwood. The Royal visitors made a two-hour tour of the College buildings and grounds, and had tea with a party of boys and assistant masters. They also received a very warm and enthusiastic welcome from the town of Marlborough

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE two Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace which Their Majesties will hold on Wednesday, May 12th, and Friday, June 11th, will, I hear, depart from the procedure of the last two years. Instead of taking place outside in the Palace grounds they will be held within the Palace in the Grand Hall. After passing through the Grand Hall guests will find tea awaiting them in the Palace grounds. This innovation brings the Presentation Parties more into line with the pre-war Courts and with the "Afternoon Drawing-rooms" of Queen Victoria's day. The same procedure will be followed for the Scottish Presentation Party at Holyroodhouse on Tuesday, June 29th. Details of the ceremony to be observed are being worked out by Lord Clarendon, the Lord Chamberlain.

H. M. QUEEN MARY, a regal figure in a brocade evening coat trimmed with sable and with a diamond tiara in her hair, attended the world première of *Corridor of Mirrors*, at the Odeon Theatre. This première was given to raise funds for that magnificent Empire organisation, the Victoria League, which does such wonderful work to further the bonds of friendship among the peoples of the Empire and Commonwealth. It must have been most gratifying to the Duchess of Devonshire, chairman of the Victoria League and president of this première, to hear that over £7000 had been raised by this effort for the League.

Queen Mary was received on arrival by the Duchess of Devonshire, and after several members of the Committee had been presented to Her Majesty, she proceeded swiftly up the stairs, escorted by the Hon. John Coke, to the Royal box, which was bedecked with spring flowers, where she sat between the Duke of Devonshire

and the Earl of Gowrie. The Duchess of Devonshire, wearing a short mink cape over her evening dress, the Countess of Gowrie, the Hon. Margaret Wyndham and the Hon. John Coke were also in the Royal box.

Among the audience I saw the Belgian Ambassador and Viscomtesse Thieusies; the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Michiels van Verduynen; Doreen Lady Brabourne, in a long silver fox cape, escorted by her son, Lord Brabourne; the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, wearing lovely diamond ear-rings with a pretty patterned dress; Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, in a party with Sir Ronald and Lady Cross; Earl and Countess Howe, who brought a big party; Lord Margesson; Mme. François Rosay, who had only arrived from Paris the previous day; Major-General Pollok and his very attractive tall wife; pretty Miss Binkie Stubbings, escorted by Mr. Stuart Pearl; Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Tony Havelock-Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Bill O'Bryen, Col. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, the Hon. Mrs. Denys Lowson, the Marquesa de Casa Maury, Viscount and Viscountess Bruce, and the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress and their daughter.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has graciously consented to open the St. John Exhibition and Fair which is to be held at St. James's Palace on May 3rd, 4th and 5th. The chairman of the Exhibition and Fair, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, explained at the first committee meeting that although they hope to make a good sum of money for the St. John Ambulance Brigade, which is entirely a voluntary organisation, the primary idea is to give the public an exhibition of the wonderful work of the Brigade in all its branches throughout the country in a

big recruiting drive. The Exhibition and Fair are having the use of the fine rooms in St. James's Palace which have housed Princess Elizabeth's wedding presents since November; these include the Armour, the Tapestry Room, Queen Anne Room, Entrée and Throne Room.

THE Marchioness has an excellent band of workers helping her: the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, who has done so much work for the St. John's, is her deputy chairman; Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale is chairman of the Exhibition, and Mrs. Miller-Moore, who did so much for the Aid-to-China Fund, is the honorary organiser. The first committee meeting, although arranged at very short notice, was very well attended and everyone listened with interest to Major Darvil-Smith and Lady Walstan, who told us of the wonderful work of the St. John's, who now have 140,000 members at home and 70,000 overseas, and how badly they need recruits, especially from the younger generation, who can join and train as cadets.

At the meeting I saw the Countess of Beau-champ in brown—she is running a children's stall at the Fair with Lady Maclay. Countess Beatty looked very pretty wearing a red felt hat with her black Persian lamb coat, and said she would take charge of the farm produce and flower-stall. Also there were Nina Countess of Granville, who will have a miscellaneous stall with Lady Crâigie, and Lady Suenson-Taylor, who is sharing a gift stall with Princess Galitzine, Dorina Lady Neave, Lady Hood and Lady Munro. Lady Carisbrooke and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage will have a china stall. Other stalls I heard of are books, to be run by Lady Bruntisfield; a white elephant stall, by Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger; and a Scottish stall, by

Mrs. John McIndoe. Others who are helping at stalls include Lady Newall, Lady Hamond-Graeme, Lady Latta, Mrs. Von Neurath, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Carson, and Lady Mulleneux Grayson.

Entrance is to be 5s. on the first day and 2s. 6d. on the following two days, with only 1s. entrance fee each day after 5.30 p.m.

BRILLIANT sunshine blessed both days of the Grand Military meeting at Sandown. It was not very crowded on the first day, but on Saturday there was an enormous crowd, including many past and present members of the Forces, who came to see their brother-officers compete in the Grand Military Steeplechase, which was won by Lt.-Col. Skrine's good horse Martin M., beautifully ridden by Major Blacker, and the Grand Military Hunters' Steeplechase, which was won by Lt.-Col. Holman on Major Rushton's Clare Dragoon. There were big fields for both these events and, as is always inevitable, especially in hunter 'chases, a certain amount of grief.

The handy Cavalry Club luncheon hut was a popular rendezvous both days, when the women wore their brightest and gayest coats and suits. Among the outstanding ones I noticed were Lady Gloria Fisher, in a long coat and hat of bright yellow; the Marchioness of Cambridge, in parma violet, accompanied by her daughter, Lady Mary Cambridge; and Mrs. Cyril Douglas-Pennant, very smart in a pink-and-grey check suit, walking from the paddock with Rear-Admiral Douglas-Pennant and Lady Morvith Benson. Princess Pavlovsky-Romanovsky wore a hat trimmed with gay flowers; Mrs. Hugh Rose, accompanied by her husband, looked very pretty in an emerald-green "Anne Boleyn" bonnet; and the Countess of Hopetoun, who was watching the racing with her husband and the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, also wore a green hat with her suit. The striped taffeta turban with long sash ends worn by Mrs. Sydney Emmanuel, who was chatting to Capt. and Mrs. Sharples, was another bright splash of colour. Major Gerard Leigh and his attractive wife were with a party of friends, including Lady Roderic Pratt, in the Cavalry Club hut, and among others racing were Major and Mrs. John Watson, Mr. Mostyn Hustler, backing many winners, Major Harry Misa, Major Geoffrey Poole, Col. and Mrs. Peter Wiggan, and Mrs. Diana Smyley, who had a lucky day, as she backed Martin M. at 20 to 1.

OTHERS in the big crowd included Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode and Sir Eric Mièville, Sir Humphrey de Trafford with Mr. Vincent Routledge watching the horses go down to the start, Capt. the Hon. David and Mrs. Bethell, the latter pretty in navy blue, Brig. and Mrs. Jack Speed, who have sold their house in Warwickshire and are going to live at their other home in Kent, Lt.-Col. Heygate, who organises so efficiently one of the private bus parties from London, with his wife, very chic in a beautifully cut suit, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Osborne, Miss Rosario Scrope with Mrs. Noel Carlyle, Lady Georgina Coleridge, pretty Miss Diana Garle, escorted by Capt. Robin Walker, Mrs. Charles Drake with Mrs. Charles Cooper, Mrs. Midwood, Mr. Henry Lenanton, Lady Mitchell, Sir Louis Greig, with his arm in a sling, and Lord Tennyson.

ASIMPLE and admirable little ceremony took place recently when the French Ambassador unveiled the plaque commemorating "the dead of the Special Forces" who lost their lives in the war, at the Institut Français in Queensberry Place. In his short speech, he paid a charming tribute to these brave men and women. After the ceremony Monsieur Massigli attended a small luncheon at "Le Cerf," in the

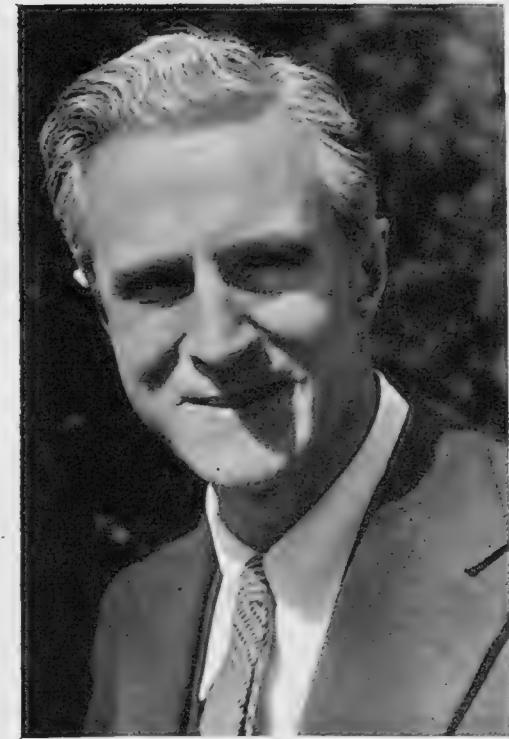
Fulham Road, which is run by Cdr. Cox, an ex-Naval officer, and is famed for its wonderful French cooking and wines. Here they specialise in venison, which is cooked, I am told, in a variety of delicious ways.

Lunching with the French Ambassador were Sir Frank Soskice, Col. Maurice Buckmaster, head of the French Special Forces, and his wife, Monsieur and Mme. Jourdon (he is director of L'Institut Français), Mme. Dubois and Mme. Bomberg, whose husbands both gave their lives with these Forces, Monsieur Harry Réé, D.S.O., who carried out important sabotage work in France, and le Comte de Montalembert.

THE name of a good huntsman is seldom forgotten in the sporting world. I bring to mind quickly Tom Firr, famous with the Quorn in the days of the late Lord Lonsdale, when that pack hunted six days a week; Frank Freeman, always to be remembered with the Pytchley; and Arthur Thatcher, who for many years showed wonderful sport with the Fernie. To this select band of famous huntsmen is soon to be added the name of H. Peaker, the present Fernie huntsman, who is retiring at the end of this season, having hunted this famous pack for the past twenty seasons. Always a fine horseman across any country, he has shown wonderful sport during these seasons, and is still to-day hard to beat or even get alongside when hounds are really running.

Not only has he shown good sport, but has, under successive Masters, retained a system of breeding hounds carried on by Lord Stalbridge (who was Master of this pack before Peaker joined them as huntsman), which has produced what is considered to-day one of the finest packs of pure-bred English foxhounds in the country. This, in itself, is a magnificent achievement after all the difficulties encountered in the war and post-war years. At the outbreak of hostilities he voluntarily suggested having his salary reduced; and during most of the war was looking after hounds entirely alone and many times at week-ends the hunt horses as well.

Now, on his retirement, he is to be given a testimonial, and I am sure that many readers,



Sir Eugen Millington-Drake, K.C.M.G., who is chairman of the Reception Committee for the forthcoming Olympic Games. He has had a distinguished diplomatic career, chiefly in South America, and is an expert oarsman and tennis player

hotels. To add to all this there is racing, polo, fishing and even alligator hunting! Among those who have been out there enjoying this change are several visitors from Scotland, including the Earl and Countess of Airlie, who have now arrived home, their daughter, Lady Margaret Tennant, with her husband, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, and the Marchioness of Huntly.

From other parts of Great Britain came Major and Mrs. Rex Benson, whose very attractive daughter Leslie will be one of this season's debutantes, Miss Felicity and Miss Penelope Harrison, Sir William Stephenson, Lord Hazlerigg, Col. the Hon. Mike Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Clive Stoddart, the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps, the Earl of Carnarvon, and Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Norman.



Sir Montague Eddy, who took a leading part in the transfer of British railways to Argentina, at the Embassy night club, Buenos Aires, with Miss Diana Chester-Master, daughter of Major and Mrs. "Eddie" Chester-Master, formerly of Lechlade Manor, Glos. She was an A.T.S. subaltern for five years and is now an air hostess with British South American Airways

not only those hunting to-day, but those who in the past have enjoyed good days with the Fernie, would like to join in. They can send their subscriptions to Mr. Pochin, the Willows, Houghton-on-the-Hill, Leicestershire, who is hon. treasurer to the Hunt.

AFRIEND writes from Jamaica a rapturous account of life out there, where the influx of English visitors has been greater this winter than has ever been known. Many of these have already bought houses and may eventually become settlers. Everyone, she says, has been enjoying the lovely climate, the wonderful bathing, good tennis and golf, delicious food, and the very high standard of comfort in the

WITH spring flowers already blooming and summer drawing near, may I ask readers with gardens once again to spare any flowers they can for the Geffrye Museum, Kingsland Road, E.2. Shoreditch is a very dreary district with fewer open spaces than any area in London, and both adults and children who visit this museum do so appreciate and take the keenest interest in any display of flowers that can be arranged there. I am told by the curator, Mr. Harrison, that during the past three years readers have been wonderful in their response to my appeal, so do please keep it up. Having now no garden myself, I know more than ever what a lot of pleasure a few bright country flowers can give, and here is a chance for you all to give so many people in this part of London the opportunity to enjoy their beauty. Mr. Harrison tells me that if required he will return any boxes in which flowers are sent to him at the Geffrye Museum.

FROM Hampshire I hear that the bus arrangements worked so well for the recent Spinners' Ball at Morant Hall, Brockenhurst, that the New Forest Hunt have decided to arrange the same form of transport and hold their Hunt Ball (also at the Morant Hall) on April 2nd. Tickets have been selling fast for this Hunt Ball, which is always one of the gayest. This year, besides having a good band to dance to in pleasant surroundings, dancers will also be able to enjoy an oyster bar.



Closely followed over the last hurdle in the Imperial Cup is the winner, Mr. P. Watson's Anglesey. Mr. W. Nightingale's Command Performance was second



Mr. W. F. Highnam's Coloured School Boy (No. 3), lying third to Flaming Steel and Le Daim over the last fence first time round in the Sandown Open Handicap

"The Tatler" goes to THE GRAND MILITARY AT SANDOWN



Miss Highnam, daughter of the owner, leading-in eight-year-old Coloured School Boy, winner of the Sandown Open Handicap. He was third in the Gold Cup at Cheltenham earlier in the month



Capt. and Mrs. E. C. Phillips in the paddock. The racing took place under ideal weather conditions



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Hubbard. Mrs. Hubbard is Lord Ashfield's elder daughter



Lady George Scott, who is a sister-in-law of the Duke of Buccleuch, and Col. D. R. Wingfield



Major P. Thompson and Mrs. G. Armstrong were also among the large gathering of racegoers



The winner of the Grand Military Hunters' Steeplechase, Major H. P. Rushton's Clare Dragoon, taking the last fence



Lt.-Col. W. H. Skrine's Martin M., winner of the Grand Military Handicap, also cleared the last fence in style



Chaka, owned by Mr. John J. Astor, making the final jump in the Lilac Open Steeplechase, which he won



Col. Frank Mitchell with Miss Sheila Phillips, who has won many show prizes with hunters



Mrs. Diana Smyley and Capt. L. H. Elliott-Strauss, of the United States Navy



Lt.-Col. Peter Hoblyn, Major J. H. Palairret and Mrs. Peter Hoblyn relax between races



Mr. W. Akroyd comparing his race-card selections with those of Mr. and Mrs. K. Bailey



Mrs. Henry Green with Mrs. Brian Thynne and G/Capt. Brian Thynne, who is a relative of the Marquess of Bath



Another party who enjoyed the pleasant rural surroundings of Sandown consisted of Mrs. M. J. Blackwell, Elsie Lady Skipworth, Mrs. Frederick Wakeham and Mr. and Mrs. Tony Negretti



Major Norman Fraser, of the U.S. Embassy, with Miss H. Stileman

Self-Profile

Leslie Henson

"I tried—I take solemn oath that I tried—to get interested in hides, skins and tallow, but the only thing I could think of was Broughty Ferry and the pierrots on the promenade. Mr. Mungo found out about this, and within six months he had sent me back to my mother."

by Leslie Henson



Drawing by Youngman Carter

My own profile written by me—a *tough* assignment, sir! Depressing, too. It means that I shall have to put myself under my own mental microscope and see what I have done with my life. What have I done? This gives me cause for thought; but may I say, very quickly, that I wouldn't change one minute of it. After all, life is a question of values and if one has the opportunity of storing up interesting, amusing and occasionally great memories—well, I wouldn't change for a millionaire's banking account.

With gratitude do I look back on my forty years' "traffic of the stage," gratitude to the people I have worked with, have met, and gratitude for all the circumstances that have made these forty years possible. Some day I shall have time to look through my diaries and at leisure recall instances and people who have made so many things pleasing to me. Often it happens that my faith in my fellows sags—but somebody appears out of the blue and restores it all in a flash.

Hopes Were Dashed

I WAS born the son of a London merchant, so the history-books tell me. For the first sixteen years it was understood that I should inherit my father's business—but, gradually, my parents came to know that I wouldn't be very good—that buying and selling were completely beyond me. My father, a man of great understanding and common sense, realised this first. Quite early on he had advised my mother (she told me this herself) to bring up her children by letting them go out into the world and earn their own livings. "Let them choose for themselves—and if they can make a hobby of their jobs then they'll be successful," he said. My mother was a widow for nearly thirty years, but she carried out that advice to the nth degree. I look back with gratitude to his sound reasoning and my mother's good sense.

You see, ever since I could remember, I had wanted to go on the stage. It would have been easy if I'd had stage ancestry, but there was nothing to back me up other than my dear mother having a weakness for amateur dramatics. So, when I left school, I was sent as an apprentice to the firm of Mungo and McQueen, hide, skin and tallow merchants, and there, at the Slaughter Houses, Dundee, did I address envelopes and lick stamps from

nine o'clock until five, every day, six days a week.

I tried—I take solemn oath that I tried—to get interested in hides, skins and tallow, but the only thing I could think of was Broughty Ferry and the pierrots on the promenade. Mr. Mungo found out about this, and within six months he had sent me back to my mother. A year or two of unconcealed boredom in two of my father's shops convinced my mother that I was not cut to the business man's shape and would never make the grade, and it was she, bless her! who sent me to Ernest D'Auban and Cairns James' Dramatic Academy.

Louis' Lucky Day

WHAT a teacher was Cairns James! Life began anew—and I worked as I had never worked before. In a very short time came one Louis Rihil, a concert-party proprietor, looking for a substitute for a comedian who was laid low. I gave an audition (not a very good one) and he took me to Penarth with a contract in my pocket for £3 a week. Fortune within my grasp! Well, it seemed like that.

"The Tatlers" were quite polite to me, but chilly—but, to their surprise, and more essentially to mine, I did become quite a popular chap, and their principal comedian for the next five years . . .

Douglas Furber visited our show at Folkestone, thought I had "something," and took me to Edward Laurillard. "Lauri" introduced me to George Grossmith and I soon had a contract to understudy three principals and play a small part in *To-night's the Night* for five pounds a week. The 1914-18 War stopped

all that, but the play was transferred to New York, and in this production I was allotted one line in Act II. But because of the kindness and generosity of that grand old actor Bobby Nainby, a scene was built up from one line that lasted seven minutes . . . I must have been so good that when the show returned to London I played the big part, Henry, the schoolboy. Anyway, Grossmith and Laurillard renewed my contract time and time again, and I think it still constitutes a record that I only played twelve parts in twelve years, non-stop.

Looking back, those were the times! You may not believe it, but I played golf—and not too badly—in those days. Even had time to practise. Actually, it seems like another world, all that, doesn't it? A nice fine morning, a maid with a cup of tea, a leisurely drive to your favourite golf course, a good lunch, and afterwards a hot bath, a whisky-and-soda, a tasty snack, curtain up at 8.30, a crowded house, a comfortable supper and to bed. . . . Yes! almost prehistoric, isn't it?

The Gaiety Quartet

WHERE have I got to now? Oh! yes: *It's a Boy, It's a Girl, Nice Goings On, Lucky Break*; and then those four Gaiety Theatre shows, with Firth Shephard. Enormously successful those shows were—four in a row. Firth took a chance and inaugurated a team, myself, Fred Emney, Richard Hearne, Louise Browne, Roy Royston, John E. Coyle, Gavin Gordon, and a lot of other charming folk, and we played there together, always to crowded houses, throughout those days of uneasy peace. Happy days! Few of us knew what was coming.

It came. During the war I only did two shows in the West End, *Up and Doing* and *Fine and Dandy*, both for Firth Shephard, at the Saville Theatre. The rest of the time I spent doing shows for those people who were doing something for us. I covered a large part of the world and visited most campaigns—I say *visited* very humbly, because that's what I did. May I say that lots of those "campaigns" were very pleased to see me—and may I say that I have been very pleased to see those campaigners who have been able to renew those fleeting "how-do's."

There's just one other thing that I must explain—it's my voice. Sometimes my dressing-room resembles a chemist's shop—cough cures, inhalant, balsam, etc.—gifts from those nice people out front. My family has always thought that a cornrake is situated where my larynx should be—and I think my family is right. No; I assure you it *doesn't hurt*. It's just one of those things. And my face! Well, there it is, folk. I can't do anything about that, either, so you'll have to bear with me.

I'd like to tell you of some of the nice things that happened during the war, but the Editor has suggested that I should write it down in my rough book first and let him see what it's all about. When I've a bit more time I'll take him at his word, but I'm busy just now with my new piece, *Bob's Your Uncle*. See you soon—and thanks for your interest.



Leslie Henson with his younger son, Nicholas, at their home, a sixteenth-century half-timbered farmhouse at Harrow Weald



At the supper-table: Señorita Arlita Leguizamon, Mr. Julian St. Leger, Donna Luisa Gallarati-Scotti, younger daughter of the Italian Ambassador, Viscount Stuart, elder son and heir of Earl Castle Stewart, the Ambassador's niece, Lt. Walker, of the U.S. Navy, and Miss Veronica Stourton

H.E. the Argentine Ambassador Gives a Party for His Niece Now Visiting this Country



Señorita Maria Lucrecia Diez de Medina Labougle, for whom this very enjoyable party was given



Donna Luisa Gallarati-Scotti and Mr. Nicholas Phipps, who is a nephew of the Duke of Buccleuch



Señor Carlos Jimenez, Señorita Elena Bonne-maison, daughter of the Argentine Consul-General, and Mr. John Ford



Dr. Enrique Quintana and Señorita Susana MacEachen, daughter of the Uruguayan Ambassador



Mlle. Evelyn Prebensén, who is the daughter of the Norwegian Ambassador, with Mr. Desmond Cubitt



At lunch in the Painted Hall, a Wren masterpiece and probably the most magnificent mess dining-hall in the world

THE ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE, GREENWICH

Where the Duke of Edinburgh Started His Six-months Staff Course Yesterday

Once a famous Royal home and now the Navy's university, the Royal Naval College yesterday received Lieutenant the Duke of Edinburgh as a student on a six-months Staff course. It is one of the most strenuous courses in the Senior Service, and nearly all the Duke's fellow students are commanders and lieutenant-commanders or their equivalent Army or R.A.F. ranks. The object of the course is to qualify officers for senior Staff appointments.

The College was the home of the rulers of England from Henry VI. to Cromwell. Officer-students have their meals in the famous

Painted Hall, designed by Wren when he was given the task of turning Greenwich into a home for naval pensioners. Sir James Thornhill, who painted the walls and ceiling at £3 a square yard, earned £7,000 in nineteen years. The mess amenities include squash and billiards and one of the Duke's favourite games, skittles.

Women visitors are only allowed to dine at the College on guest nights, and then only if they are serving officers in uniform. Princess Elizabeth will qualify by virtue of being a Colonel of the Grenadier Guards and Colonel-in-Chief of other regiments.



Billiards, impossible when afloat, is one of the most popular recreations on shore. There are six tables at the College, and on guest nights Sea Cadets act as markers



Sing-song round the piano on a guest night. Monkey jackets and bow ties are the most favoured formal wear for junior officers nowadays



Concentration in the bowling-alley, as the skittle-alley is called in the Navy



Capt. L. N. Brownfield, R.N., who is the Duke of Edinburgh's commanding officer

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations]
by Wysard

Standing By ...

TOUGH beef is not being forced on the Island Race, the Danish Agricultural Council retorted coldly to a recent shriek from a Min. of Food boy. It is possible that the Danes deem us, alas, to be sissies.

Faced by sissies, Scandinavians are liable to go into what is called the Berserk Fit (*berserks-gangr*, or battle-madness), which entails howling and foaming at the mouth, biting goloshes and umbrellas, and chanting unsuitable runic passages from the Sagas. True Nordics don't like having to do this (as Thorir of Hrujatafjord explains in the *Vatnsdaler Saga*, "The Berserk Fit comes over me when I least desire it"), and it means a lot of work for specialists, also dough.

"Is that Gimlet-Eye Snorresen the Trauma-Slayer? This is Mrs. Nils of the Egg-Face. My husband has just gone berserk—can you do anything?"

"What's the trouble?"

"Sissies across the gannet-bath."

"I'll be right over."

The gannet-bath is the North Sea. While awaiting the specialist a Danish berserk is given a local magic philtre known as *aspirin* (*aspirin*). The whole business means hell for everybody concerned and would appal you, but we must be pressing on. Action! Action! What? Oh, dear.

Drama

A NEWLY-PUBLISHED *exposé* of the Tranby Croft Baccarat Scandal brought back to memory an absorbing piece of contemporary artistic fancy we admired some time ago in a country pub parlour, namely a framed illustration of the Detection Scene in vivid colour, from some forgotten weekly.

The nub of the picture was the expression of Edward, Prince of Wales, in which mingled grief, astonishment, anger, stoicism, and outraged majesty were strikingly not conditioned (as we say today) by the stiff tall collar of the period, a notorious source of apoplexy. The alleged cheat, Sir William Gordon Gordon-Cumming, his eyes averted from the R-y-l gaze, plainly knew himself abhorred, like Milton's Lucifer. The rest of the baccarat-party was so frozen in mute ghastly horror that it was impossible to imagine any of them eating the usual five-course country-house breakfast next morning. As a moral lesson the picture reminded us strongly of Valdés Leal's *Finis Gloriæ Mandi* in the Caridad at Seville.

You ask what lesson the Race derived from this work of art? It learned never to play baccarat again with the Smart Set, as it longed to.

Blast

HAVING assumed a boast in the BBC Year Book for 1948—"a period of vigorous development"—to refer to the increased blast-power of BBC soprani at 8 a.m., we find we are correct.

As everyone knows at Portland Place, the noise is produced by striking them with a thick rattan cane. In such items as the Jewel-Song from *Faust*, the timing is simple:



"...the nub of the picture"

O-o-o-o-(womp)—OH! The joy!
Precious jewels thus to wear! (etc.).

At times the BBC's *sbirri*, if careless or intoxicated, may cause a soprano to shriek on the wrong note and the radio-critics to marvel feebly at a daring new interpretation. This was how Big Izzy the Rap made the reputation of Ima Menace, as the exquisite soprano had to admit within a week.

"What's the idea, fusing my tonsils?"
"Listen, baby, remind your tonsils; what got you this contract with Joe Schmaltz?"
"Well, you fused my tonsils."

"Listen, if I din fuse your tonsils you wouldn't never of touched that C in alt."

Third Programme sopranis are not vulgarly beaten, but subjected to treatment adapted from a Chinese classic called *The Thousand and One Auspicious Nips, or Fa-Too-Long's Farewell to Lady Precious Scream*. You don't know half that goes on in that rubber-scented hell.

Ogre

A GOSSIP painfully impressed by the scowling features of a big American business boy (*inset*) seemed to assume that this kind of terror-technique in finance is modern. Admirers of that eminent British pirate Captain Teach know this to be a fallacy.

On sighting a likely prey Teach would dive into his cabin and deliberately work himself up for murder by tossing back rum, burning sulphur, chewing glass, blacking his face with lamp-soot, curling ferocious sable whiskers, and capering round firing off pistols with horrible grimaces and yelling "Hell! Hell! Hell!" Such a clown naturally had a paralysing effect, and the Teach technique might be, and possibly is, adapted in the City to-day. "Sorry, Sir Nero is in conference," a frigid, expensive blonde says languidly above the howlings, maybe. "Within five minutes," she adds, "he will be ripe for wholesale merger." "Heaven defend us!" cry Sir Nero's pallid victims, falling on their knees. "All's up with Peekabo Perfection Panties (Ltd.)!"



Footnote

OBSERVE that (a) whether drunk or sober Teach's savages grovelled to him like any modern yes-men, and (b) the pants of Teach's first mate were as cruelly kicked as those of the Managing Director of Globbo Gold Concessions (Ltd.), though tarry in the one case and striped in the other. You ask what becomes of victims of piracy merged in the City nowadays?

On dreary Surrey's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore and ghastly-pale;
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail,
The famish'd eagle screams and passes by...
Write to "Auntie Joy" of *The Financial Times* about it.

Snag

ONCE more a booksy boy crying that he would give anything to be clever enough to finish Stevenson's *Weir of Hermiston*—the climax of which hangs, you remember, on

a legal absurdity, namely a judge's being able to sentence his own son to death—makes one wonder why Slogger Stevenson never consulted a solicitor before taking all the trouble.

The fact that there are six distinct and terrible breeds of solicitor in Scotland possibly explains it. Consulting any one of these would set Mr. Stevenson back quite a few berries, probably. Thus:

	£ s. d.
To listening to Mr. Stevenson's query ..	5 5 0
To replying "Hmphm" ..	1 1 0
To translating this affirmatively ..	3 3 0
To reconsidering this for six months ..	25 5 0
To translating it negatively ..	3 3 0
To declining an invitation from Mr. S. to take a running jump into Loch Lomond ..	5 5 0

And so forth; ending with £75 for three weeks in a seaside rest-home, but charging nothing for mental anxiety, a legal luxury known only in Bedford Row.

Attraction

THAT angler who fell off Southend Pier the other day, thereby providing—as will occur to anyone after careful study of similar cases at Brighton, on the Seine, and elsewhere—the missing explanation of this sport, would have interested our late regretted James Agate.

Receiving the local *caciques* after his sensational discovery and annexation of Southend some years ago, Agate accepted their tribute of cowrie-shells and Southend Rock but was critical of the anglers on the Pier, suspecting that catalepsy due to domestic strife was the explanation of those morose, silent, drooping, immobile figures, an eyesore to him. He ordered them to be removed, but after one of the trembling Caribs had pointed out that these anglers occasionally fall into the sea, affording the only amusement in the natives' lives, the Conquistador graciously revoked his decision.

This incident reminded him of an amusing story of Bernhardt, as often happened. And indeed one difference between our late master and his successors in the critical racket is that his successors think Bernhardt was a kind of patent fuel.

Lapse

OUR recent note on the fundamental immorality of the French language has caused one of our more thoughtful little readers to bring up a question which has often worried leader-writers in *The Economist*.

The position of decent girl economists tempted to read French works on economics is admittedly difficult, a leading economist was telling us. This conversation ensued:

"If a girl has been carefully brought up surely it can do her no great harm?"

"Well, I don't know. Did you read the other day about a curate caught by an archdeacon in the act of reading a book of French sermons?"

"What happened to him?"

"They broke him."

We gather nevertheless that girls are no longer expelled from the London School of Economics for lapses of this kind. (See *A Pout for Laski, or The Worst Girl in the Upper Fourth*, by "Zouzou La Tigresse.")



Walter Effner, Bexhill

The Master Gets Down To It

The East Sussex met at Catsfield recently and after a good run over open country the fox went to earth in a wood near Powder Mill. Lord Burghley, who is Joint-Master of the hounds, is seen hard at work in his shirt-sleeves during the digging operations. Lord Burghley, who hunts the hounds himself, has been either Master or Joint-Master since 1939. The hunting centres of the pack are Battle, Hastings, Bexhill, and Eastbourne, and the kennels are at Catsfield

HUNTING NOTES

THE hunting season is fast drawing to a close, and with most of the county packs another ten days or a fortnight will see the end. Most agricultural cropping is earlier this year, owing to the exceptional weather, and that is why there is a desire that hunting should stop sooner than usual.

There will be several changes in Lincolnshire before another season. The Southwold, for example, are reverting to their former status. During the war the pack split up into two sections—the East and the West. Now this old-time pack will be re-united with kennels at Belchford, as before. Both the Belvoir and Blankney have been showing good sport of late. The latter have had some of their best sport in the Vale, and have frequently run some of their foxes to a standstill, while the Belvoir have done particularly well in their Tuesday and Friday countries, and, throughout the season, hounds have killed quite an average number of foxes. Moreover, they have kept at least two new fixtures.

THE Puckeridge hounds, meeting at Littlebury Green, scored a good hunt with a fox from Park Wood, which took them to Needles Wood and later to Roughway, whence they hunted him to Clavering Park Wood, being finally stopped in Scales Park Wood after making a 4½-mile point.

Since that day the Puckeridge Hunt has sustained a great loss by the death of the senior Joint-Master, Mr. Edward E. Barclay, of Brent Pelham Hall, at the age of eighty-eight. Mr. Barclay, who was surely the father of present-day fox-hunting, had been a Master of hounds for seventy years, of which time he had been Master of the Puckeridge for fifty-two seasons since 1896. Prior to that year he was a Master of harriers for eighteen seasons, including the North Norfolk pack, which hunt around Cromer.

For over half a century he bred at the Puckeridge Kennels that grand type of foxhound for which the Hunt has become famous. No man can have done more to encourage and foster the true tradition of hunting in all its aspects than this fine old sporting gentleman, whose name will remain evergreen in hunting history. His son, Major Maurice Barclay, and grandson, Capt. Charles Barclay, were Joint-Masters with him at the time of his passing, and now carry on.

AFTER meeting at Ampthill, the Hertfordshire Hounds ran a fox from Maulden Big Wood to ground in the big earths on Mr. Patrick's farm before running a fox from Jackdaw Spinney, over the Bedford road, towards Wilhamstead Wood, but he was headed and went back to Maulden, where he beat hounds.

From Kensworth, a fox from Deadmansea took hounds through Old Hill, and they hunted him with a great cry to Whipsnade Heath and on to the downland above Dunstable. Next, their pilot took them back to Kensworth and was given best. One of a brace at Ravensdell next took them at racing pace to Lambs Spring and over Beechwood Park to Newlands. Hounds then had a line-out nearly to Stag's End before they were stopped after a good hunt with a point of nearly five miles, the first thirty minutes being really good.

Before hounds moved off at King's Walden, the annual general hunt meeting was held, when Lt.-Col. R. C. Faulconer and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison were elected as Joint-Masters for next season. Great regret was expressed at Lt.-Col. D. C. Park's resignation after eighteen years in office, during which time he has done a great deal to foster the good will of fox-hunting in Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire.

THE South Herts Beagles have now ended an excellent season, during which farmers and landowners have given the Hunt a most generous welcome everywhere. There have been meets at Amwell, Porters End (a very wet day) and Dog Kermel Farm, Lilley—the most exciting hunt of the season, when the hare was killed after a very fast forty minutes. Lt.-Col. and Mrs. D. C. Park also welcomed the field at Houghton Hall, where many hares and summery weather did not improve matters.



Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"... That north side of the country was a dream for a ride, and carried a grand scent. It is the bit wedged in between the Warwickshire and the Pytchley "

If we of the weekly illustrated Press only had the courage, the futuristic handicap, under which we are condemned to labour, would hold no terrors for us. As things are, we are compelled to write about such trivial things as the Lincoln, the National, the Derby, and so forth, about three or four weeks before they happen, and attempt to clothe our words with that verisimilitude which suggests that they were written after the event, and that we knew all about it all the time. Sometimes this concealment of the secrets of the charnel house comes off: more often it does not!

What we ought to do, of course, is to go boldly at it: describe these events in elaborate detail and risk it! For instance, we might say that every animal in the Grand National jumped the course, and that the result was a dead-heat between four; or that Black Tarquin jumped off in front in the Derby and had them all stone-cold halfway down the hill to Frightenem Corner, and that his jockey won looking round in vain for any signs of his pursuers. That is what we ought to do if we were not so duck-hearted. Where other sub-lunary matters are concerned, we may be, in the near future, upon much surer ground—if, that is to say, we are upon any ground at all, for it will be quite safe to state that the atomic bomb that fell on the Palais de Danse at Paignton blew the Town Hall at Wigan and Edinburgh Castle endways, besides causing the total disappearance of the Lord Provost of Glasgow. This will be mere child's play by the comparison with the suppressions to which we have to submit in connection with horse-racing.

Incidentally, "sub-lunary" may be quite the wrong epithet where anything connected with nuclear fission is concerned, since there are many who are firmly convinced that this new weapon of war, with which we ought never to have meddled, is quite capable of obliterating not only our own Solar System but the one next door, plus a whole row of others farther down the street. Describing something before it has actually happened may, therefore, be quite safe, because there will be no one left to call you what you know you are and say that you ought to be put in a home. As a P.S., this has to leave me the very day before the National is run at all.

The Lincoln

THE result of this always perilous betting proposition can be said to have been a Bicester triumph, since both the owners of Commissar, Mr. R. A. Budgett and Mr. A. M. Budgett, are sons of the former Master of that famous pack, Mr. H. M. Budgett, of Kirtlington Park, who was the author of one of the best books on that elusive thing, the scent of the fox, *Hunting by Scent*, that has ever been written. Like their father, both the owner and trainer went to Eton, but, unlike him, both afterwards went up to The House, played polo for Oxford, and later on ran their own private team and, at the appropriate moments, hunted with the Bicester.

Commissar, whose S.P. was 33 to 1, and whose previous price was 50 to 1, was fairly well drawn and had his race won, I should say, nearly a furlong from home. The much-fancied Clarion III. could make no impression on him when he challenged; neither could my own selection, Flexton, who ran third. It was a good race for the onlooker, even if he had not helped himself to the nice long price about the

winner. My sincere congratulations to all concerned, speaking as an old friend, who retains many happy memories of the days when he stayed with the Master, and was usually lucky enough to drop in for a good hunt on many a good horse.

The bitch pack in Mr. Budgett's days was quite super, and in Clarence Johnston he had the right man to hunt them. That north side of the country was a dream for a ride, and as a rule carried a grand scent. It is the bit wedged in between the Warwickshire and the Pytchley. It fair makes the heart ache to look back on those happy days, now never to return.

The Reverse Side of the Medal

TWO recent bad accidents have deprived the 'chasing world of people who were outstanding performers—Captain R. Petre and J. Dowdeswell, the top scorer—and the cause is the same in both cases: broken legs. In Captain Petre's case a fall on his feet splintered the leg, and there was no other way out than amputation, fortunately below the knee. In these times, when substitutes have so greatly improved, there is every chance that his riding days are not over, and I sincerely hope not, for we cannot afford to lose one of his class.

Had all gone well, Captain Petre would have ridden Lovely Cottage in this year's National, and it has been said that he was hopeful of repeating the 1946 success. It was quite on the cards that he might have done. However, here's wishing him a speedy recovery and the hope of a flaming optimist that he has not had his last ride over Aintree.

Horace Hayes Up to Date

IT is probably a very good move to republish the various works of Captain Horace Hayes, who, to my personal knowledge, was one of the most careful and industrious collectors of

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Now ring for Briggs . . ."



both unconsidered and considered trifles that had to do with the horse. He took more pains over the building of his books than anyone I have ever known, and he read every known author upon the particular subject with which he proposed to deal, incorporating all the best he could find, and leaving out the rest.

His talent for collection was prodigious, and he was a first-class editor. His veterinary book and the one on stable management are incomparably his best. He took a veterinary degree, and was likewise a very good horse doctor. The two things do not always walk hand-in-hand, but they did in his case.

The sixth edition of *Riding and Hunting*, published by Hurst and Blackett at 30s. and edited and abridged by Major-Gen. Geoffrey Brooke, who was formerly a Scarlet Lancer, will no doubt be welcomed by a generation which, in spite of the fact that everything is being tried to kill an ancient British sport, apparently is very keen on it. "Gentleman" Hayes was never an angel and minister of grace on a horse, and I should say that hunting was one of his minor avocations, but his diligence was such, that when he decided to write a book on riding and hunting, he left no stone unturned that he thought might have something useful underneath it. He hunted very little in Leicestershire, as I know, but, as that is the Mecca of so many like the hard-working craftsman that he was he "did" it thoroughly, pictorially and otherwise. The science of venery was not his "pidgin."

"The huntsman's duty is to attend to his pack, and he should never depart without an unmistakable 'Forrard away' blow of his horn, which is the signal to start. . ." You see what I mean when I say that the art and science of the whole thing was not Horace Hayes's long suit? However, there was, and is, much in his hunting book of value to those who know absolutely nothing about it. There is no space to say anything about his capacity for taming an outlaw without ever getting on his back. He usually began by casting him, as did Rarey and, later, I think, Fillis of circus fame. However, this is nothing to do with his hunting guide book, and so, pleasant as are my memories of seeing him take all the conceit out of something that could almost buck itself out of its own skin, I am compelled to desist.

A Harrowing Memory

THIS heading is inspired by a letter I have had from the last boy that Bishop Welldon swished before he left at Christmas 1898—Major M. H. Marshall, who lives at Harrogate:

In your article in yesterday's *Tatler* you say you are not sure whether Winston Churchill was at Harrow with Welldon. He was, as he came to Harrow at Easter, 1888, and left at Christmas 1892. Welldon had come as Headmaster in September 1885 and left at Christmas 1898. Churchill did not join the 4th Hussars until 1895. Re "swishing": I suppose I hold the doubtful "distinction" of being the very last boy he birched at Harrow, as he did so on the morning of the last day of term, only a few hours before he said good-bye to the School in Speech Room, and was then escorted by a cheering crowd of boys along the street to his House. The odd thing was that, although he was disliked and feared by all his assistant masters, and by many parents, the boys on the whole admired his bluntness and, above all, his fairness. How time flies! Nearly fifty years ago, but your article brought back all these memories to me.

EMMWOOD'S WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 13)

A bird of dazzling plumage and inquisitive instincts: though a true urban species, it has of late years revealed crypto-marine tendencies



The Shaggy Nut-Thatch—or Tori Hush Hawk

(Down in the country-Sumthinerd)

ADULT MALE: General colour above russet, awe-inspiringly crested with shaggy thatch of flame-tinted fungus-like feathers, descending to low on the mandibles; beak squat, yet extremely adept at poking into all mysterious matter; mandibles faintly blue; body feathers, under coverts striped, outer coverts greeny grey; neck feathers stiff and blue; shanks stout and nimble; feet agile and well placed.

HABITS: The Shaggy Nut-Thatch has many commendable little habits: it must be admitted, however, that for the last year or so its antics have not been so well-informed as hitherto. The bird is best remembered for its secretive ways and its most annoying habit of keeping things under its crest—or thatch. It is believed, or so the reports say, that the

Nut-Thatch aggravated the older members of its sub-order by its muted call, a kind of "Asecret-Asecret-Ivgotalitesecret," to such an extent that the bird was denied its nesting-places in Westminster and banished to the Sub Silentio watering-places of Whitehall. As the birds that inhabit those confined areas are notoriously devoid of dulcet chirpings, the Nut-Thatch appeared to be contented.

HABITATS: The bird is to be seen regularly at Westminster, roosting and ruminating on any of the brighter benches, which it looks upon as its rightful perch. The Nut-Thatch is still capable of striking fear into the thinly-feathered breasts of the genus who might oppose it. It would appear to be most popular in the more salubrious places on the southern coasts of these isles.

Scoreboard

SEVEN UP AND SIX TO PLAY

*The Duke of Utah's nineteenth wife
While playing golf retired from life;
When interviewed, her husband said;
"For once my wife is lying dead."*



WRITING from Georgetown, British Guiana, Billy Griffith, England's subsidiary wicket-keeper and New Look batsman, tells me that he is the team's unofficial (and unsalaried) baggage-man. "Fergy," the world baggage champion, is doubtless now on the high seas, watching the Australian cricketers' luggage as a lover watches the moods of his mistress. Wellington never lost a battle, and Ferguson has never lost a piece.

As a scorer, too, he is something of a conjurer. When you chance to see a diagram of Bradman's boundaries, that will be the work of "Fergy." I fancy that in the intervals between these geometrical jottings he also writes a few letters and makes notes for sonnets. Billy Griffith, by the way, said that he had been subject to much badinage about his Test century. "No matter," he went on, "I just lean back and consider whether I shall now take in Hutton or Robertson as my partner."

DIETICIANS will ascribe Ireland's victory in the International Rugby Championship to superior nutriment. Certain it is that most Englishmen, after a couple of days in Dublin, feel the need of a wheelbarrow for locomotion. Ireland owe their victory chiefly to their wonderful forwards, a pack in the truest sense. Carl Mullen, who has years of Rugby still ahead of him, proved himself the ablest hooker in the five countries. Kyle I should pick as the best stand-off half seen this winter, with Scotland's Peter Hepburn a close second.

There is a dearth of centre-three-quarters of quality. Here Wales's Bleddyn Williams stands alone. I wish I had seen his try against Ireland at Belfast, scored by that wonderful inward side-step, in which he looks as if he were executing the Big Apple at quadruple speed. Thirteen stone, B. Williams is strong as well as elusive, and, unlike so many snipe-like runners, a great tackler. He comes from Rydal School, Colwyn Bay, which also produced the great Wilfred Wooller. Wales can also boast the best scrum-half in the international game: their captain, Haydn Tanner. In modern Rugby he ranks with C. A. Kershaw.

SOON, then, Bradman and his cricketers will be with us. It is eighty-seven years since an England team first went to Australia. Messrs. Spiers and Pond, not the M.C.C., sent them. The departure cannot have been effected without some emotion. Speeches were made. "You carry our confidence," said Mr. Spiers; "and our money," added the more practical Mr. Pond. The partnership netted £11,000 on the tour.

Even in those Arcadian days the affair was not managed without argument. "The terms, £150 with all expenses, did not commend themselves to George Parr and the Northern players." Nor did the idea of H. H. Stephenson as captain. But how dull games would be without rows. Cricket has had its share. I have never heard of a first-class dust-up in hockey, though I do recall a centre-forward who detached from his ankles the stick of the opposing centre-half and threw it over a hedge. How, I wonder, did that earliest cricket team beguile the long evenings at sea? I fancy that William Caffyn, of Surrey, rendered "O Let Me Like a Soldier Fall" on his cornet. And Julius Caesar did the same two card-tricks over and over again. Anyhow, there was no radio.

R.C. Robertson of Glasgow.



"En Quarante," by Toulouse-Lautrec,
another illustration from "Fin de Siècle"

I REMEMBER talking a week or two ago, about a group of younger British novelists who keep one still optimistic as to the future of the novel. That week I instanced Howard Clewes—now let us consider P. H. Newby, whose third book comes to us. It is *Mariner Dances* (Cape; 9s.). Mr. Newby's preceding novels—*A Journey to the Interior* and *Agents and Witnesses*—had, you may recollect, a characteristic in common: both had imaginary scenes. In order, that is to say, to have the required setting for his stories, he brought new countries into existence, thereby making memorable and convincing additions to the world map. Ever since Anthony Hope gave us Ruritania, this device on the part of a novelist has been honoured; though, of course, it has to be justified by a well-told tale. Mr. Newby, it is by now agreed, may be allowed to take geographic licence.

This time, however, he has not done so. *Mariner Dances* is set in the English Midlands—or is it Home Counties? Now that this author has committed himself to England, touching in every scene with extraordinary visual minuteness, a sort of detective-demon is roused in me—I cannot rest till I have identified what he has made to seem actual, living places. The town of the opening chapters—built in a valley, with roads running up on all sides into beech-wooded hills—sounds to me suspiciously like High Wycombe. Should this be so, what is the not far-distant cathedral town he calls "Toll-caster"? There is no reason, of course, why he should not have created, inside England, a composite region of his own. It is a tribute to Mr. Newby that one should follow every movement of his mind with what might be called suspicious attention.

* * *

ONE thing one does not question is the probability of his characters. This is a story which confines itself to the effect of the characters upon one another; the plot, which is substantial and exciting, arises from that power that people have to interest, frenzy, fascinate, deceive, expose or placate each other. Mariner himself is a schoolmaster: he has, when we meet him, drifted out of his job (teaching at a lycée in Paris) in order to abduct a girl of nineteen, Mary. Having called, to report his intentions, on his friend Fred Paul, he duly goes off to collect Mary, thereby causing the maximum inconvenience to all concerned.

Fred, returning from a week-end with his family, finds that Mariner and Mary have moved into lodgings across the street from his own. As Mariner, owing to Mary's age, is on the wrong side of the law in this shady business, he is not, as a neighbour, an acquisition—this is a respectable and censorious small town, in which Fred Paul teaches and lives in rooms. It is not that Mariner ever was Fred's great friend—Fred's feelings at finding Mariner on his doorstep, when he had believed him to be in Paris, had been distinctly mixed. It is Fred who is the "I" of the story.

Mariner was standing close up to the door to be out of the rain that was falling steadily. He took

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Mariner Dances"

"Our Dogs"

"San-Sou-Ci"

"Victorian Tales for Girls"

off the enormous grey trilby, the one he had been wearing when I last saw him, and shook it carefully to rid it of water. I thought he was looking old, tired, grey in the face. At my greeting there was no answering sparkle in his eyes; they regarded me as though I had said something profound a little time previously and, after a period of private pondering, their owner had turned them on me for a further clue. The large blue fibre suitcase, the one which he said had been bought in South Africa, was on the step at his side. His tie was loosely tied, well down from his collar.

Yes, an unattractive and, as can be seen from the time he opens his mouth, a thoroughly bogus figure. Nobody could have illusions about

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

APRIL

*April, April, month of folly!—
Fleeting folly, who would grudge it?—
April jocund, April jolly,
April, month that brings the Budget.
April fresh and fond and fickle,
Spring-intoxicated, tipsy!
(Everyone who needs a kick'll
Get it from Sir Stafford Cripps.)
Fold the raincoat, furl the brolly!—
Winter's iron grip relaxes—
Plant the cabbage, raise the cauli,
In addition raise the taxes!
Let the cherry-petals dance,
And our thoughts be all finance.*

Justin Richardson

Mariner for a minute—it does not, even, take the girl Mary long to come out at the far side of hers. And yet, without for an instant being what is usually meant by "fascinating," Mariner does literally fascinate his victims—and, to become his victim, it is enough to have crossed his path.

His designs are transparent, and yet everybody ends by falling in with them. His self-pity and self-righteousness are nauseating, yet he has a genius for putting everyone else in the wrong. His irresponsibility is total—its climax is to be seen when he dumps Mary, who has inconveniently fallen ill, on Fred Paul's family, working-class people living in a village. He is a dreary, shoddy-romantic bore, whose antics only do not bore the reader because of Mr. Newby's extreme skill in relating them; or, rather, owing to the sharp-edged narrative power with which the author endows his mouthpiece, Fred.

* * *

HAROLD SKIMPOLE is somewhere in Mariner's ancestry—but Harold Skimpole was at least gay. I do not think that if *Mariner Dances* revolved entirely, as a novel, around Mariner—who has not even the picturesqueness of a crook—even Mr. Newby could hold our attention long. But, as it is, Mariner is only one—and is, indeed, the most nearly shadowy—of several central characters. The dignity, humanity and richness which, in *Mariner*

Dances, are outstanding, have other sources, other repositories—Fred's father and mother and his sister Gladys.

Indeed, one might even question whether Mr. Newby did not introduce Mariner simply to throw those others into relief. This picture of a family and its life is one of the finest, at once the most bold and tender, we have for some time had from an English pen. There is here, as has been pointed out, an affinity to—though in no sense derivation from—the earlier D. H. Lawrence, of the *Sons and Lovers* period. Fred's father, with his almost Shakespearean contrarieties, is the masterpiece of the book; Fred's mother, with that indomitable spirit of the young girl in her, is not less strongly drawn.

As for Gladys—crippled in childhood by a gun accident for which Fred holds himself responsible—she and her relations with Fred are really the main romantic theme of *Mariner Dances*.

Baughton, the village in which the Pauls live—the village descended upon by the dreary amoret Mariner—is made so real that one can almost hear its trees rustle and breathe its wintry air: not less real is the physical atmosphere of the Pauls' home. One particular description of early morning, and of the convalescent Mary watched waking up, stands out as a high point of what is most unique in Mr. Newby's writing.

This novel hinges on a dramatic contrast between synthetic and genuine emotion. Its beginning and end seem to me less successful than its middle chapters—if success is to be measured, as I suppose it must be, by the degree of grip on the reader's interest. Mr. Newby's refusal ever to treat Mariner

as a comedy character is to be respected: at the same time, this makes for a slow start. And the end—in which Mariner and Fred travel in search of the vanished Mary and Gladys—goes possibly slightly out of focus. This may merely be because one is almost unbearably sorry to leave Baughton.

* * *

SAN-SOU-CI" (Heinemann; 6s.) is a collection of short stories by André Nature—a French writer not so far, I fancy, widely known here. The translator, for whose name I have searched in vain, has done his work well—surely a translator's name should be given: he plays an important part, for good or ill, in the introduction to us of any book from abroad.

The French—surprisingly, in view of the fact that France gave us one of the world's greatest short-storyists, Guy de Maupassant—have seemed, on the whole, less inclined than the British, the Irish and the Americans to experiment with this particular form. M. André Nature interests me because his work, at its best, seems to me to be in the Maupassant tradition—straight, taut story-telling, with an often harsh but effective drawing of character. He can often also, like Maupassant, be pretty horrible when he likes.

I must say that the stories in this book show a startling inequality as to merit. The title one, "San-Sou-Ci," with its tale of passengers

RECORD OF THE WEEK

SOME two years ago *Atlantis*, composed by Stanelli, was given a concert performance at the Cambridge Theatre with the composer conducting. Now it appears on a record for the first time played in grand style by Sidney Torch and his Orchestra.

Stanelli has always wished to be accepted as a serious musician, and this work shows clearly that his ambition should not now be very far away.

He has given a great deal of pleasure playing the violin and cracking amusing

gags to more people than one would care to count. You may remember he invented and played the *Hornchestra*. His "Stag Party" was one of radio's biggest successes at a time when radio needed a success.

But Stanelli wanted recognition as a composer of serious music. It may have been a disadvantage that he was so excellent a *Punchinello*, but his faith and patience have been rewarded with *Atlantis* (Parlophone E. 11459).

Robert Tredinnick.

on a little drug-running ship in the South Seas, their devious relationships and their troubles of soul which a sudden catastrophe renders futile, is an impressive piece of work. "A Powder," with its hot and unhealthy scene, voodoo element and agreeably happy ending, is also well up to standard; so is "The Opening," and so is "In the Night"—a London air-raid idyll. Several of the stories gain in interest by showing us wartime London through a Frenchman's eyes. But, alas, some of these very stories are conventional, sketchy and amateurish. I feel that the best, and the best only, should be demanded from M. Nature—at his best, he has shown us what he can do.

* * *

"OUR Dogs," by Lane Norcott, drawings by Trog (Sampson Low; 6s.), is a delectable book for dog-lovers with a repressed grudge. Those who feel for the canine species that trustful loyalty usually attributed to dogs themselves may find Mr. Norcott, and his twin-soul illustrator, irreverent. Here we have dogs divided into The Idle Rich, Adorable Little Nuisances, The Non-Existent, Dogs Ripe for the Mad-House, Dogs Beyond Repair, Clip-Joint and Flop-House Dogs, and so on.

"The Pekinese," Mr. Norcott says, "has still to be accounted for by Science." "Aberdeen Terriers rarely, if ever, know where they are, but this doesn't stop them from showing plainly that they would much sooner be somewhere else." "Dachshunds are used in this country for dragging along the pavements of crowded shopping districts." "Just as if the Pekinese isn't enough there must be the Chow." "A good place to keep a Bulldog is upon some distant peak in Darien." "Swiss St. Bernards spend their time teetering on the edges of deep crevasses, with their tongues wedged in the bungholes of little kegs of brandy which they

are supposed to be carrying to travellers trapped under avalanches."

Seldom in this country, since the classic *Tales with a Twist*, have we had anything so lively on the subject of dumb animals. In the interest of hands-across-the-sea, I should, however, like Mr. Lane Norcott to meet Mr. James Thurber, if he has not done so.

* * *

"VICTORIAN TALES FOR GIRLS" (Pilot Press; 12s. 6d.) has been edited and has an Introduction by Marghanita Laski. Inside a delightful scrap-screen wrapper we have *Mary's Meadow*, by Juliana Horatio Ewing; *The Runaways and the Gipsies*, Anonymous; *The Carved Lions*, by Mrs. Molesworth; *The Dove in the Eagle's Nest*, by Charlotte M. Yonge; *The Gate of the Giant Scissors*, by Annie Fellows-Johnston, and *How Faunleroy Occurred*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. It is only as to the last item that I feel tempted to question Miss Laski's taste: this short, autobiographical piece, giving the genesis of that famous juvenile, is, surely, of research value only? In fact, to my mind it rather blows the gaff—why could we not have had either *Little Lord Faunleroy* himself, or, better still—very much better still—Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's *Sarah Crewe*? (Not having that masterpiece to hand, I hope I have spelled its heroine's name correctly.)

In the Introduction, addressed to a girl reader of to-day (the Editor's niece), Miss Laski makes some thought-provoking generalisations as to Victorian girls' stories. They deal in the main, she points out, with large families of gentle birth but not large income; there is usually a rich relative in the background, an elder sister who is in love with a curate, and at least one character who dies young. Victorian girls' stories "date," Miss Laski has discovered, considerably more than do the contemporary tales for boys. She perceives, and shows, the reason for this.



Sir Max Beerbohm's caricature of Earl Spencer, from "Fin de Siècle," edited by Nevile Wallis, with a note on the period by Holbrook Jackson (Allan Wingate; 10s. 6d.). Appreciations of the 'nineties have not been lacking, but this can certainly lay claim to being one of the most entertaining. Very representative and most engagingly produced

Winifred Lewis

on

Fashions

of the fashion trends which wend their way around the world.

An exotic garment first shown under the glinting chandeliers of one of the great couture houses turns up again in Manchester or Michigan, but often enough as a mere reflection of the original, so changed, and so depleted that it is hard to identify it with the original.

Sensation is part of the modistes' stock-in-trade, yet most of the Collections include clothes of surpassing simplicity.

Christian Dior, who introduced the sensational whirlwind skirt last season; the man who dared actually to use 40 metres of material in a skirt,

showed in his Spring Collections—admittedly among some breath-stopping numbers—clothes of a simple elegance in which one could walk down any High Street in the world without remark, except perhaps in the way of respectful admiration.

In his small Collection Boutique, which is shown separately from the larger one, there are simple summer dresses, beach slacks and play-suits of a modesty to suit the most orthodox. As a point of interest, clothes from this Collection being less ambitious in design and workmanship, hover below the price levels of clothes in the general Collection.

Several of the smaller Paris houses are supporting a movement to produce clothes for the retail trade. Jacques Costet, for one, has opened a department in a Paris store where specially designed clothes are sold partially made-to-measure. These clothes are delivered to the store half-way to completion. One individual fitting only is required before finishing. The price is, of course, considerably below the cost of clothes by the same designer in his own Salon.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Viniccombe—Hoblyn

Mr. Michael C. Vinicombe, only son of the late Mr. R. E. B. Vinicombe and Mrs. Vinicombe, of Blackheath, married Miss Audrey K. Hoblyn, younger daughter of Mr. H. B. Hoblyn, and the late Mrs. Hoblyn, of Netherhay, Shortlands, Kent, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



McDonald—Kellar

Lt. Neil Ewer McDonald, R.A.N., twin son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. McDonald, of Port Pirie, Australia, and Miss Enid Margaret Kellar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Kellar, of Myrtle Cottage, Bourton, Dorset, after their wedding at Reading, Berks



Cahn—Bluestone

Sir Albert J. Cahn, Bt., elder son of the late Sir Julien Cahn, and of Lady Cahn, of Angmering-on-Sea, was married at the New West End Synagogue, Bayswater, to Miss Malka Bluestone, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Bluestone, of Park Lane, London, W.1



La Niece—Babington

Lt. Peter La Niece, R.N., leaving the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton, with his bride, Miss Evelyn Babington, daughter of Mrs. O. Gilmore Babington, of Gledhouse Gardens, S.W.5. The wedding took place on March 13th



Browning—Ridout

Capt. Dennis Compton Browning, R.E., son of Col. H. C. Browning, D.S.O., was married at the Church of the Holy Trinity, Brompton, to Miss Heather Rosemary Ridout, daughter of the late C. H. Scott Ridout, M.S., F.R.C.S., of Southsea, and Carshalton Beeches, Surrey



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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Yevonde
Miss Joan Williams Wynn,
youngest daughter of Sir Watkin
and Lady Williams Wynn, of
Ruabon, North Wales, whose
engagement to Mr. Ian Norman
Mitchell, only son of Major A. B.
Mitchell, of Poulton Priory,
Fairford, Gloucestershire, and of
the late Mrs. Mitchell, has
recently been announced



Elliott and Fry
Miss Ursula Susan Chadwick,
youngest daughter of Mr.
and Mrs. Chadwick, of Deleon,
Radford Rise, Stafford, and Lt.
Bernard H. Carr, the South
Staffordshire Regt., eldest son of
Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Carr, of
Auster Wood Common, Gerrards
Cross, Bucks, are engaged and
will be married in July



Pearl Freeman
Miss Heather Nancy Marson,
only daughter of Major Lionel Marson, M.C., and Mrs.
J. Marson, of Kimpton, Andover,
who is engaged to Capt. Alan
Harry Matthews, R.A., only son
of Mr. and Mrs. Donald J.
Matthews, of Kew Gardens Road,
Richmond



H. J. Galsworth
Miss Angela Barford, elder
daughter of Lt.-Col. B. C. Bar-
ford, R.A., and Mrs. Barford,
of Bishop's Waltham, who is to
be married in May to Major
Richard Clutterbuck, R.E., son
of Col. L. St. J. R. Clutterbuck,
O.B.E., and Mrs. Clutterbuck,
of Bishop's Waltham



Hay Wrightson
Miss Elizabeth Olive
Thompson, elder daughter of
Col. R. Thompson, D.S.O., of
Newark, and the late Mrs.
Thompson, who is to marry
Mr. G. Malcolm Graham, son of
Major Malcolm Graham, of New-
bury, and the late Mrs. Graham



Harlip
Miss Joan Doreen Pontefract
Curtois, daughter of Lt.-Col.
and Mrs. O. F. Curtois, of Iron
Acton, Glos., whose engagement
was announced last month to Mr.
John de Vere Hunt, of Knights-
bridge, S.W.1, only son of the
late Mr. and Mrs. de Vere Hunt



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Oliver Stewart

on FLYING

ALMOST everybody in aviation desires to see a cleaner aircraft. Yet aircraft have never stopped sprouting excrescences and to-day there are modern machines which compare unfavourably in aerodynamic cleanliness with some early types. The antique Bristol monoplane, for example, was less cluttered up with exterior odds and ends than certain up-to-date fighters. It had no whiskers; no domes or double chins.

The American Army has now made a useful move towards clean-shaven aircraft. It has been flying an experimental C-54 containing ten radio sets, yet without a single outside aerial. The Goodyear Aircraft Company has been responsible for developing this arrangement. It has entailed certain modifications to the aeroplane, and parts originally covered with aluminium have been covered by a resin-impregnated cloth.

So far, it seems that the radio is as effective as when exterior aerials are allowed to jut out of the aircraft in all directions and to spoil the machine both for the eye and for the air.

Mad Measures

THE measure situation in civil aviation is becoming Gilbertian. It may be recalled that one early objection to the introduction of the metric system throughout aviation was that it would be impossible to change the instruments and the pilot's and navigator's books and notes from statute miles to kilometres. Yet changes have now been made, or are being made, from statute miles to nautical miles and knots, so that the argument that changes are impossible falls to the ground.

Now we have a further stage in

lunification. The British Standards Institution has issued a list of units for use in civil aviation, and it defines the knot as 6,080 feet per hour. So yet another argument against the metric system falls to the ground. For navigators have argued in favour of the nautical mile because it is related to the surface of the earth from angular measurements. Yet here is a plain linear equivalent!

What a pity the more sensible kilometre was not chosen in the first place.

There are other things to be noticed about this new standard. It does not agree with I.C.A.O.'s recommended practice. I.C.A.O. favours the metric system. It also lays down recommendations for certain words to be used in international civil aviation. The British Standard conforms with neither of these recommendations.

Develop Defence

I WAS glad to see a realist attitude towards air defence expressed in the House of Commons by men with air war experience (Max Aitken among them). They made the point that, in spite of woolly talk by official spokesmen, we no longer have an effective air striking force.

If we can afford to lose money at the rate we are doing on civil aviation, I think we can afford to spend money on building up a sound and strong air force. Half measures increase rather than diminish the danger. The right course is to decide first of all whether we are going to have any air defence at all. If we are, let it be effective.

But the Government view that we should concentrate upon the striking force is strategically unsound. It is,

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moreover, against the lesson of the recent war when air defence saved us, not air attack. It is strategically unsound because the United Kingdom is the most vulnerable target in the world to the new kind of bombing and therefore the most unsuitable place from which to attempt to launch counter attacks.

Our course should be to develop all the newest methods of air defence, the rocket fighter, the radio-guided missile, the target-seeking missile and so on. And as the background to it all there should be the extremely highly developed jet fighter. In fact that is rather how progress is moving. We are much farther ahead with our fighters than with our bombers.

Twenty-Five Years

I HAVE been reading the second volume of that scholarly work *Vingt-cinq Années d'Aviation Militaire* by General J. Hebrard. Illustrated with maps and drawings and copiously furnished with tables, the book gives an admirably impartial and instructive account of the air operations. There is much about British air tactics that I have not seen in any British work of like authority. The publishers are Albin Michel and there is, as yet, no English edition. I hope that there will be one later.



Elliott & Fry

Air Vice-Marshal P. C. Livingston, the new Director-General of the R.A.F. Medical Services

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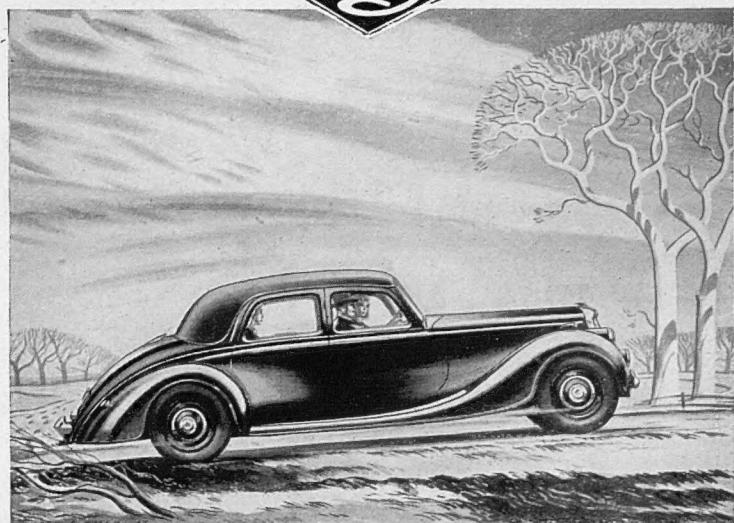

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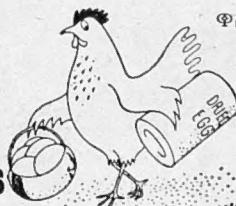
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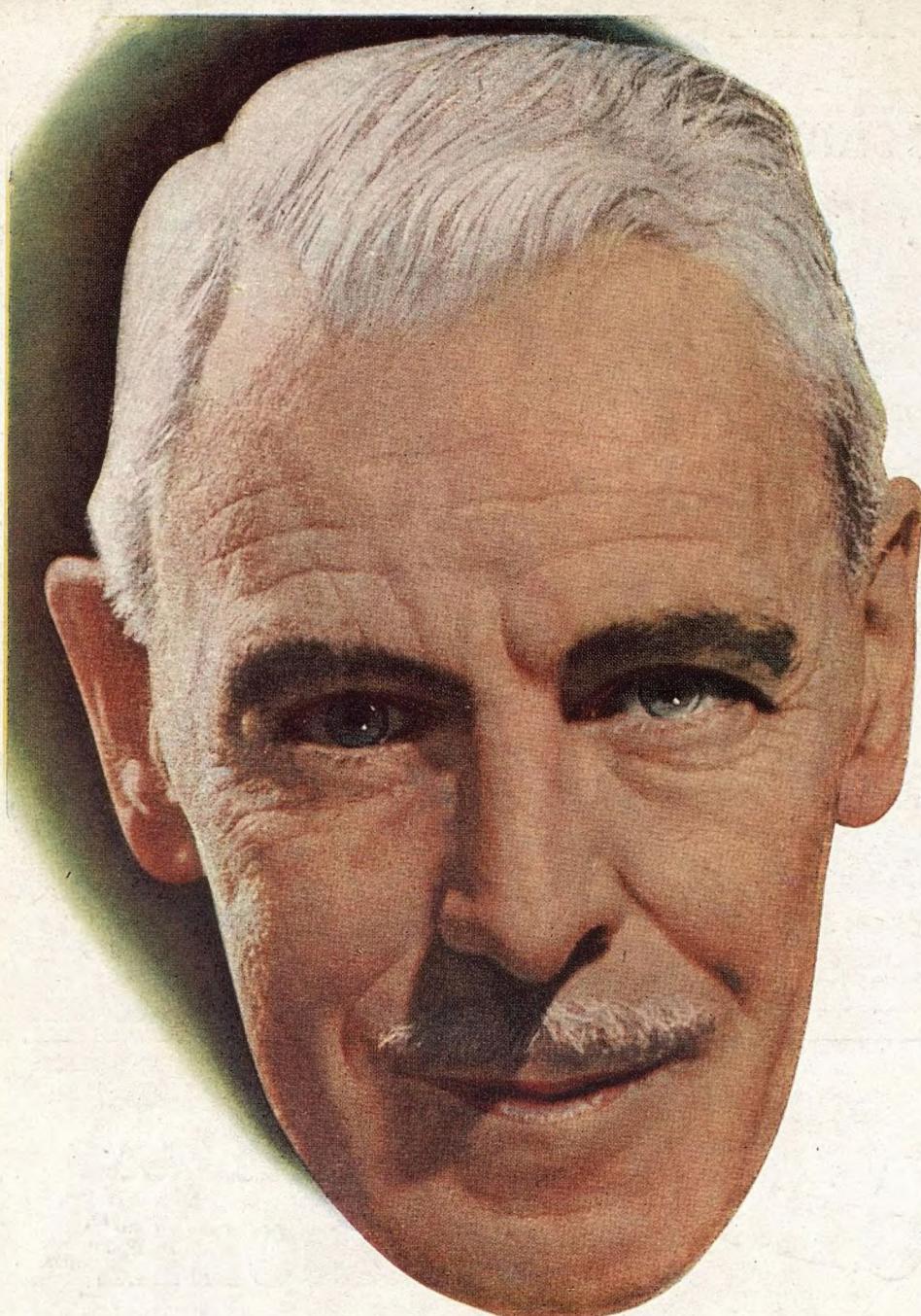
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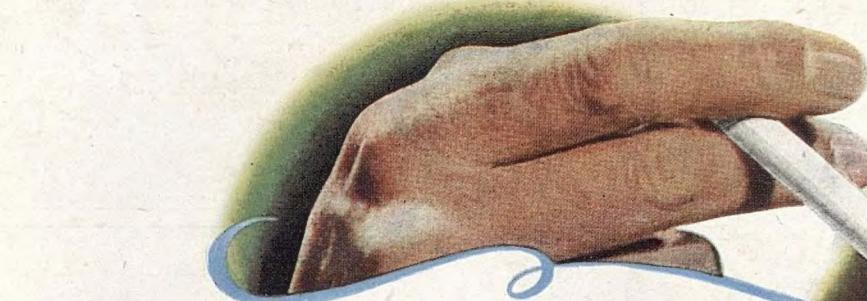
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in Craven ‘A’ is
unmistakable...
rich fine tobacco
and – the cork tip
for clean smoking”



Craven 'A'

are MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS



Carreras, 150 Years' Reputation for Quality